

Negro Digest



AUGUST 1965

A JOHNSON PUBLICATION

35c

A Chapter From

BLACK MAN'S BURDEN

By John O. Killens

Negro 'Republic' in Modern Mexico

THE AFRO-MEXICANS

Malcolm X

NOTHING BUT A MAN

An Assessment by Wyatt T. Walker

Preview:

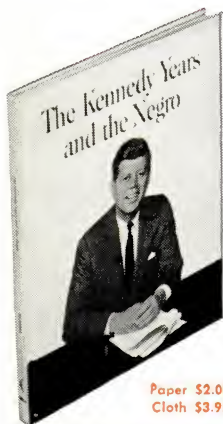
THE FIRST WORLD FESTIVAL of NEGRO ARTS

Must Reading for 1965

THE KENNEDY YEARS AND THE NEGRO Edited by Doris E. Saunders

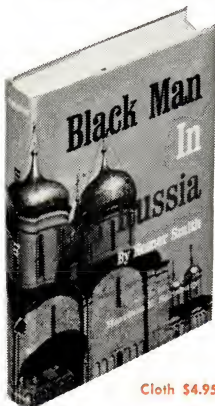
BLACK MAN IN RED RUSSIA by Homer Smith

THE NEGRO MOOD by Lerone Bennett, Jr.



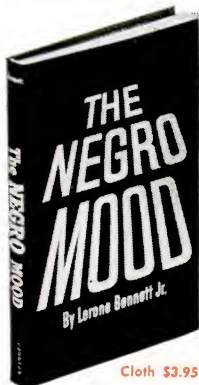
Paper \$2.00
Cloth \$3.95

A compilation of the words and deeds of John F. Kennedy from the campaign for the nomination through the final days beginning November 22, 1963.



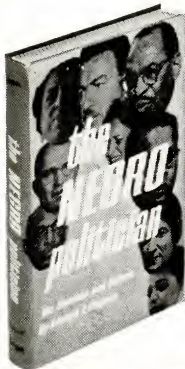
Cloth \$4.95

The memoirs of a Negro journalist who covered the Russian scene for fourteen (1932-46) historically eventful years. His impressions and observations make a significant contribution to our understanding of the Russia we face today.



Cloth \$3.95

"Negroes brood about the slow pace of integration. . . ." The story behind the headlines of America's spreading social revolution. A realistic appraisal of the attitudes shaping the demands of the Nation's Negro population.



THE NEGRO POLITICIAN

His Success and Failure

By Edward T. Clayton

\$4.95

with an introduction by Martin Luther King, Jr. The Negro Politician, was conceived and written for the layman, and places politics, where Negroes are concerned, at the kitchen-table level where all members of the family can easily understand.

(Book Division)

Johnson Publishing Company 1820 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60616

CONTENTS

Would You Want One of Them to Marry Your Daughter?	John O. Killens	5
--------------------------------------------------------------	-----------------	---

(Excerpted from the book, *Black Man's Burden*, by John O. Killens, published by Trident Press, © John O. Killens)

<u>The Afro-Mexicans</u>	<u>Jim Tuck</u>	<u>14</u>
<u>The Negro and the Police. .Matthew Davidson</u>		<u>21</u>
<u>Nothing But A Man.Wyatt Tee Walker</u>		<u>29</u>
The Emptiness of Middle Class Negro Church Life	Nathan Hare	34
Jim Crow Justification—Sixties Style	Bryan Fuls	40
The Other Pathfinder.	G. M. Bergman	72
Prospect for Negroes: Equality by 2022?	Leonard Broom and Norval D. Glenn	76

Special Feature

The First World Festival of Negro Arts: A Preview		62
-------------------------------------------------------------	--	----

Fiction

The Day the World Came to An End	Pearl Crayton	54
Incident on A Bus.	Dudley Randall	70

Regular Features

Perspectives (Notes on books, writers, artists and the arts), 49-52—Humor in Hue, 33—Poetry, 53, 61—The African Scene, 20—On Record, 47—Letters to the Editor, 97.

AUGUST 1965
VOL. XIV NO. 10

Editor and Publisher:
JOHN H. JOHNSON

Managing Editor:
Hoyt W. Fuller

Assistant Editor:
David Llorens

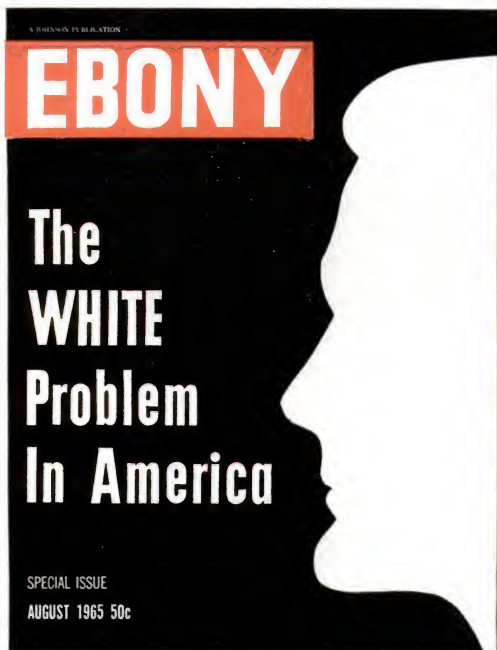
Art Director:
Herbert Temple

Production Assistant:
Ariel P. Strong

Circulation Manager:
Robert H. Fentress

NEGRO DIGEST is published monthly at 1820 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60616. © Copyright, 1965 by the Johnson Publishing Company, Inc. New York offices: Rockefeller Center, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 10020. Los Angeles offices: 3600 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005. Washington, D. C. offices: 1750 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20006. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois. Reproduction in whole or in part forbidden without permission. Unsolicited material will be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscriptions \$4.00 per year. For foreign subscriptions add \$1.00. NEGRO DIGEST articles are selected on the basis of general interest and do not necessarily express the opinions of the editors.

DON'T MISS THIS SPECIAL ISSUE!



More than 20 distinctively different articles by top Negro writers, leaders, and educators who address themselves to America's moral problem from a fresh, true perspective.

**On Sale Now—Or
subscribe today at
this special pre-an-
niversary rate: 18
months for only
\$3.75.**

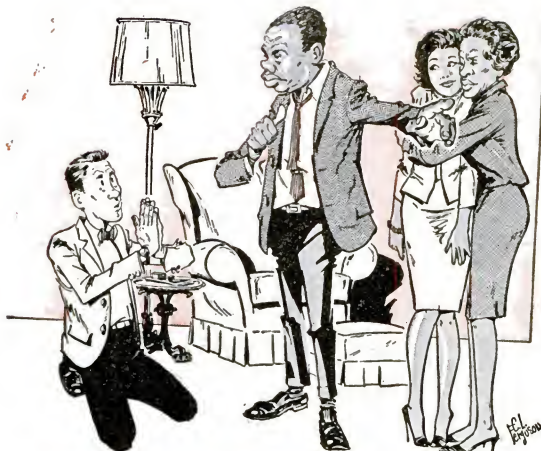
Enter my subscription to EBONY at the spe-
cial pre-anniversary rate. 18 Months for only
\$3.75. Amount is enclosed in full.

Name

Address

City

State Zip Code



'Would You Want One of Them to Marry Your Daughter?'

BY JOHN O. KILLENS

The chapter, "Black Mystique, or Would You Want One of Them To Marry Your Daughter," from the book, *Black Man's Burden*, by John O. Killens, © 1965, John O. Killens.



JAMES BALDWIN made one of the sharpest observations he has made in his short, illustrious life one Sunday over television, when he stared long and hard at John Kilpatrick, Southern genteel aristocrat from old Virginia, and stated matter-of-factly:

"You're not worried about me marrying *your* daughter. You're

worried about me marrying your *wife's* daughter. I've been marrying your daughter ever since the days of slavery."

In the whole body of Negro-white dialogue, which has collected for over a hundred years, this bugaboo about marrying Mister Charlie's daughter is the *non sequitur* to end all *non sequiturs*. Indeed it would be ludicrous if white Americans had not made into a subjective reality that was historically an objective irrelevance. The fact of the matter is the American Negro is the most multi-colored people on this planet, and not because Old Black Joe married Missy Ann or because Uncle Tom raped Little Eva. So let us try to put some of these myths to rest once and for all.

During slavery old Massa kept his white wife on a pedestal by throwing Aunt Jemima down on the Big House bed, or the trips he took down to the cabins to rape Aunt Hagar's defenseless young-uns. So that while old Missus was withering on the vine like a raisin in the sun, the kindly master was likely to be sowing black oats and making heaps of yaller chilluns, along with his son and heir and those who worked for him. And that's how the American black race became so many colors from coal-ebony, all the way across the spectrum to blond and pinkish white.

Frances Anne Kimbel, a famous English actress who married a slaveholding Georgia plantation owner, describes in a letter to a friend a conversation she had had with Sophy, a slave. It was not an unusual conversation within the context of the Southern slavery system, but it serves to demonstrate this aspect of that peculiar institution:

Sophy went on to say that Isaac was her son by driver Morris [white], who had forced her while she was in her miserable exile at Five Pound. Almost beyond my patience with this string of detestable details, I exclaimed—foolishly enough, heavens knows: "Ah! but don't you know—did nobody ever tell you that it is a sin to live with men who are not your husbands?"

Alas, Elizabeth, what could the poor creature answer but what she did, seizing me at the same time vehemently by the wrist: "Oh yes, Missis, we know—we know all about dat well enough; but we do anything to get our poor flesh some rest from the whip; when he made me follow him into the bush, what use me tell him now? He has the strength to make me."*

Or lend your ears to Mary Boykin Chestnut, a great white Southern lady, speaking of slavery as she knew it:

God forgive us, but ours is a monstrous system, a wrong and an

* Frances Anne Kimbel, *Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation*.

iniquity! Like the patriarchs of old, our men live all in one house with their wives and their concubines; and the mulattoes one sees in every family partly resemble the white children. Any lady is ready to tell you who is the father of all mulatto children in everybody's household but her own. Those, she seems to think, drop from the clouds.*

The mother of my maternal grandfather was thirteen years old when my grandfather was born. Notwithstanding the fact that he was born more than a decade after slavery, kindly masters had apparently not given up their slavery-time prerogatives. Young Master, Old Master's favorite son, raped my great-grandmother when she was twelve and he was a gay blade of twenty-one. Needless to say, the young cut-up did not make an honest woman out of my great-grandmother. That is not the way things were done in those days.

Evolving out of this mongrelization of a proud and pure race, there grew a people who came to be designated as Negroes, mulattoes, quadroons, or octoroons. The dictionary is very helpful and enlightening on this subject. Accordingly, an octoroon is "a person having one-eighth Negro blood, the offspring of a quadroon and a white."

Do I hear you ask, "but what in the devil is a quadroon?" A quadroon is "a person who is one-fourth Negro; the offspring of a mulatto and a white." And a mulatto is "the offspring of parents of whom one is white and the other a Negro." Now let us find out what a Negro is. A Negro is "a person having more or less Negro blood." So you see, after all the rigmarole, an octoroon is a Negro, a quadroon is a Negro, a mulatto is a Negro, a Negro is a Negro is a Negro is a Negro. Any questions?

In many Southern states, one drop of black blood in your white veins makes you an American Negro. We black folk are indeed a powerful race of people. I mean we really left our imprint on the nation.

And now it must be stated that although old Massa, or young Massa for that matter, never married the young black sapling-of-a-lass whom he had got in a family way, he very often gave preferential treatment to her and his progeny. His and Hers were often allowed to play with the master's legitimate children. The young "bucks" wore young Massa's hand-me-downs, and sometimes the young "heifers" inherited the young Missy's last year's pretty-things. They were allowed to clean old Massa's boots, and sometimes lick them in the bargain.

Thus was an aristocracy of color established which in many instances still persists. The more you resembled the folks in the Big House the better off you were. You were a "house nigger" and you came to be

This One

* Mary Boykin Chestnut, *Diary from Dixie*.



contemptuous of "field niggers," the toilers and the sweaters, who were mostly pure and black, just like they'd come from Mother Africa. But you were also contemptuous of yourself because you hated that part of you that wasn't like the Master Race, and deep down inside you thought of yourself and others like you as bastards, even though you were the bastards of the privileged. You looked at yourself through the eyes of the Big House people who thought of you as bastards. Notwithstanding, with your white blood, you were better off than the pure blacks working the fields of cotton.

Thus literary myths were also created, even by such formidable and well-meaning stalwarts as Harriet Beecher Stowe; the myth that only mulatto "niggers" were sassy and militant and hard to control because of their white blood, which naturally responded negatively to enslavement. And pure blacks were meek and docile and childlike and hard-working, though they were lazy and had to be driven, or so the scripts of the black myths read, always written by white writers. But what they failed to explain was the pure blacks of the Harriet Tubman and Nat Turner ilk, and all those other black rebellious souls.



Great Harriet Tubman, little black woman, Moses of her people, who escaped slavery via the Underground Railroad but was not satisfied with her own freedom; she couldn't sit still till the South was free. She went back South, deep down into Egypt Land nineteen times, with a price on her head, dead or alive, and she led more than three hundred slaves to freedom, a rifle always at her side. She was the greatest Underground conductor of them all; her boast: "My train never ran off the track, and I never lost a passenger."

And old Nat Turner, black and strong and mighty in his righteous anger, insurrectionist whose religion was freedom, a "religious fanatic" in the great tradition of Toussaint L'Ouverture and Gabriel Prosser, Denmark Vesey or old John Brown of Bloody Kansas.

Neither could this script of myths explain those black folk who staged "slowdowns" all over the old plantation South when they broke the hoes and plows and other farming implements accidentally-on-purpose.

But the hegemony of color was established and persisted. It was established by the Establishment and for the blessed Establishment. It was a part of the Great Brainwash. Every Negro was taught that the closer you were to white the better off you were in the eyes of the man, the white man that is. And the white man's eyes were the ones that mattered. It was in him the power resided. He spread the table where there were high-class crumbs for the "gitting." So the octoroon looked

down upon the quadroon who looked down upon the mulatto and all looked down upon the low man on the totem pole, who was hopelessly and helplessly black and had no one to look down upon.

So "good hair" and "bad hair" and "high yaller" became a part of the language. Desperate Negro mothers massaged the noses of black babies trying to mold them into thinner and narrower shapes. The endless futile admonitions: "Don't poke out your mouth, it'll make you grow to have big ugly lips. Don't drink coffee. It'll make you black." The myths of abnegation: "Black folks study evil. A black gal sleeps with her fists balled up." I grew up in this kind of culture, steeped in self-hatred. And yet somehow our self-hatred was not as deep-seated as might be imagined. Somehow, despite the Great Brainwash, we loved ourselves and loved each other.

I remember Madame Walker's hair straightener and I recall the aroma of burned hair and vaseline; even now my mind makes pictures of tired hands and straightening combs and bleaching creams. And for us boys the pomades, the "slickums" with which we plastered our poor heads, the stocking cap in which we slept all night long. Then Up South in New York and other Up South cities the process discovered to straighten black men's hair. And so the "conk" came into vogue, though it did not catch every black man's fancy. It was probably at that time that many black men began to see the ridiculous lengths to which we had extended ourselves in order to resemble the Master Race.

Yes, old Massa really started something. But at this point in time and space, we are ringing down the curtain. Sure, there were Negro churches in the South even in my time where a man with a black face had better not set foot unless he was the janitor. There were Negro colleges which had quotas for those with very dark complexions. And in places like Charleston, South Carolina, or Washington, D. C. some of us were anti-Negro and color-conscious to a degree that bordered on sickness. But we are ringing down the curtain. Notwithstanding the formidable de-brainwashing job before us, we black folk are ringing down the curtain.

In the West Indies, even to this day, old Massa oftentimes had thirty and forty mulatto children borne by ten or twelve black women. In many of these cases, though Mister Charlie hardly ever married any of them, he oftentimes had at least one of them living with him in the Big House, and others stashed out vying for his favor. The offspring of such situations more often than not rejected their true mothers out of hand and basked in the sunshine of their benevolent great white fathers. To give the devil his due, though for the life of me I can't think why I should, old Massa often treated such offspring more or less as his own children.

They came to make up the managerial class on the plantation and when the great white father passed on the plantation often went to his mulatto children. This progressive paternalism has created a color caste in much of the Caribbean the lines of which are drawn far sharper than any to be found in the U.S.A. Many West Indian mulattoes even today regard themselves as "colored," and look upon black West Indians as Negroes, even "niggers," or "darkies," and obviously a lesser people.

Yet in spite of this the Establishment would have us believe that the entire struggle between black and white in this country has its roots in the determination of the whites to hold the line and maintain the purity of the races and the sanctity of the Southern womanhood, while the black man lives only for the day when he will catch Miss Anne with her restrictions down, and that all else is verbiage and hypocrisy. Civil rights—the right to vote, the right to work, the right not to be lynched, all the slogans about freedom and justice and equality—are merely part of a Black Master Plan to get the black man into the white woman's bed so he can mongrelize the races.



It is a peculiar fact that marrying Whitey's daughter is always the first line of defense set up by the Southern white man against the black, yet it appears nowhere in the bill of particulars set forth by the black man in his case against the White Establishment. Examine for days, months—years if you will—the records of the N.A.A.C.P., of C.O.R.E., the Urban League, or S.N.C.C., and you will find in none of their varied programs one single slogan about the right to marry Mister Charlie's daughter. Historically, it has always been a smoke screen set up by the White Establishment to becloud any just demand of black folks. Its over-all aim has been to maintain the *status quo*, to keep the Negro in his place, at the bottom of the economic ladder, and incidentally to keep the poor white near enough the bottom so that both of them would be shackled forever together in bondage to the Southern Way of Life. The poor white oftentimes had nothing save his vaunted whiteness to distinguish him from the black man just beneath him, and what easier ruse than to convince him that his whiteness was in jeopardy, that the black man wanted only to bed down with his white women to destroy his whiteness?

Thus the Black Mystique had its humble beginnings, as an economic and political expediency. In order to carry out the Grand Design for Exploitation known as the Southern Way of Life, you had to deny the black man any social or sexual equality, because the alternative was to admit to the world (and to the poor white Southerner) that the Negro

was not a beast but a man like any other man. But if you kept him an animal obviously you would not be expected to invite him into your home, to break bread at your table, and eventually to marry your daughter, or even grant him certain inalienable rights—to vote, to hold office, to work other than as a beast of burden, to enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—because they were not endowed him by his Creator.

But a mystique is never static. In order to maintain it, you must improve upon it. To the myth of the animal-like sexual obsession of the black man, you must add the myth of great sexual prowess. He is generously equipped for the sex act, like a stud horse, and equally tireless. Yet there is this too about mystiques; eventually everybody believes the myths, both the victims and the victimizers. The myth-makers become the victims of their own propaganda. So that when Whitey, the Last of the Great Myth Makers, comes face to face with his victim, the black man, he really believes he stands before his sexual superior.

There is yet another dimension to this portrait. Is it not possible that the white man sees his own lust reflected in the black man's eyes? A guilt constructed out of centuries of playing the role of Sheik in the Great White Harem, where black men were eunuchs and black women were concubines, and though Number One wife was always white, she was merely a figurehead, a wife and mistress in name only. The black man, a eunuch no longer, looks upon all this and wonders. Has the Great White Harem made loveless all of white America? Have Americans become a people anxious to be loved but incapable of loving? Has the black mystique developed a feeling of impotency that borders on a sexual inferiority complex?

And does it not stand to reason that this has left the white woman disinterested? She was never a free soul in the harem; she, too, was one of the exploited. The myth about the black man's sexual prowess has undoubtedly made her more curious than she might ordinarily have been about the forbidden. Is it really true? Is he really as formidable a lover as they say he is?

Is it any wonder that the white man lives with a built-in nightmare of his own construction? He is afraid of retribution—from both sides. Having historically been the exploiter of both women and black folk, economically, socially, psychologically, and sexually, the two might even band together against him. This may explain why the white woman seems to have less trouble than the white man in shedding her racial prejudices. Generalizations are dangerous, but even among young liberals and progressives the white male appears to have a much harder struggle.

I have studied young folk gathered in an office to get out a mailing for a civil-rights demonstration. More often than not, the white girls mingle easily and with little or no self-consciousness. They will very usually put their heads and shoulders together with the black youth, intent on getting the job done. Whereas you will often notice young white boys, equally as dedicated and sincere, much more self-conscious. Perhaps, unknowingly, they are watching for the interplay, real or imagined, between Missy and young black Joe. It is the nature of the sickness of this society. No soul is left unscathed.

The question about one of them marrying your daughter is, of course, a gratuitous insult to every white woman in this nation. It is also very revealing of the state of mind of most of the white males in this country. How came you to this abyss of insecurity where you shamelessly imply that your daughters, come freedom, will all dash lickety split and leap into the nearest black man's bed? You have let your anxieties run away with your imagination.

After all, marriage is a contract entered into freely by both parties. That means that nobody can marry your daughter unless your daughter wills it. And by the same token, your daughter cannot marry a single one of Uncle Tom's grandsons unless the grandson, too, wills it. You and I, in the final analysis, do not, cannot, and should not have a damn thing to say about it.

I remember the summer when I was sixteen years old and worked at a hotel in my home town of Macon. Ask any black bellhop, you ran scared to death most of the time. Say they rang for room service in Suite 715. You knew that room service meant any service the traffic would bear, so when you reached the door you hesitated, sometimes made the Sign of the Cross (it was not unlike moving out onto the Hollywood Freeway), swallowed hard and knocked, knowing that once that door opened anything could happen.

The door finally swings back and there stands the white woman eternally aimed at your poor black head like a loaded rifle. She can be in varied degrees of dishabille, even like Lady Godiva, sometimes, without her horse, standing there as if you do not exist as a man, desexing you with her eyes, though you suspect at the same time that she may covet you. So you stand there, sixteen years old, feeling your age and knowing your place, tongue-tied and perspiring, hating this white woman and yet somehow feeling a strange kind of pity for her. Then the gruff voice from the other room:

"Tell the nigger to bring the stuff in here, Lucy Belle."

But before you could get yourself together, he comes stumbling naked

toward the door. "Hey, boy, what you looking at a white woman like that for?"

You hate yourself for saying what you have to say. "I'm not looking at anybody, sir. No, sir!"

"You calling me a liar, boy?"

"No, sir! I just mean you were mistaken!"

You turn to go. The hell with the tip.

"Where you going, boy? Bring that stuff on into the bedroom."

You're in the bedroom now. "Nigger, ever since you been in this suite you ain't been able to keep your eyes offa Miss Lucy Belle."

"No, sir. You are mistaken, sir."

"What's the matter? You think she ugly?"

"No, sir!"

"I bet you got a great big tool all right. What you reckon, Lucy Belle?"

"Leave the boy alone, George Henry."

There were two or three incidents like that per week, with variations, but somehow you got through the summer with your manhood and your sanity intact. When I remember that summer, and think of all the black men who have been lynched, legally and otherwise—the Scottsboro Boys, the Martinsville Seven, Willie McGee, and Emmett Till—I am certain that some white women must shudder at the way they have let themselves be used against the black man. They have been the justification for every evil ever perpetrated in the name of Southern Womanhood. White women must know they have been used, and abused, historically. They still have very few rights that a white man must respect. White women have prerogatives of inferiority and they have learned to live with them in this the white man's world. Some even look upon them as privileges.

The feminine mystique is as tricky as the black mystique, and after all is said and done the white woman settles, too, for the Master's leavings. She eats much higher on the hog than black folk, but the choicest morsels are still left for old Massa.

There was a time when white and black women declared a common cause. Many of those in the Suffragette and Women's Rights movement were also rabid abolitionists; women like Ernestine Rose and many others. Frederick Douglass, the great abolitionist and ex-slave, also made common cause with the struggle for women's rights. He saw no contradiction.

Is it any wonder that old Massa lives with a growing horror that one day his victims, both black and white, might join forces? A guilty conscience produces an inordinate amount of worrying.





Black 'Republic' In Modern Mexico

THE AFRO-MEXICANS

BY JIM TUCK

The descendants of slaves who escaped from the United States inhabit an area near famed Acapulco



O SAY that Mexico is a land of wonders—artistic, archeological, and scenic—is an obvious truism. There live few with soul so dead who have

not thrilled to an Orozco mural, the antiquity of Chichen Itza, or the surreal beauty of Popocatepetl by moonlight. With its art, history, and cultural heritage, Mexico is a land that fairly begs for a traditional "lost civilization" *a la* James Hilton, and the writer has encountered more than one American who has gone home regretting that the Mexican catalogue of wonders was

more one of objects than of persons. Ruins, paintings, and volcanoes are fine but—let's face it—there is nothing that grips the popular imagination like the promise of a community of "lost" humans, surviving in a remote Shangri-La.

Well, I have news. There does exist in Mexico a "lost"—or to put it more accurately—completely overlooked civilization, a culture so atypical, so alien, and so different from anything Americans associate with Mexico that it seems like an importation from another continent and another world. Its members are not, as might be supposed, descendants of Aztecs or Mayans, undiscovered by the *conquistadores* and living as they did in Montezuma's day. They are, rather, people of pure Negro stock who presently inhabit a region of Mexico that resembles the land of their origin in topography, climate, and, as we shall see, many other respects.

Where does all this fit into the traditional ethnic concept of Mexico as an Indo-Spanish country as opposed to, say, Cuba or the Dominican Republic where the ethnic strain is Afro-Spanish? The answer is simply that the "traditional" view is absolutely correct and Mexico is a Spanish-Indian country. (While one encounters persons with Negro blood in such Gulf ports as Tampico and Veracruz, this is true of Gulf and Caribbean port communities everywhere.) What confronts us here is, in effect, a Black Republic in the heart of Mexico—a mi-

crocosm of Africa set down in the middle of a Spanish-Aztec-Mayan-Zapotec culture. So purely African is this enclave that one is as unlikely to encounter whites, Indians, or *mestizos* within its boundaries as in such places as Accra or Lagos.

How does this phenomenon affect the Mexican image? Civilized Americans of course reject the discredited stereotype of all Mexicans as peons slumbering in the sun. Such types do exist but so does the Mexican who flashes credit cards, graduated from an American university, and jets to New York to clinch big deals. But the *truly* unknown Mexican—unknown, the writer discovered, to many Mexicans themselves—is a man whose ethnic roots are African rather than Spanish and/or Indian and who lives in what is essentially an African community.

Where is Afro-Mexico? Geographically, it is a rectangular-shaped area, 75 miles long and 15 miles wide, straddling the border between the two southern Pacific Coast states of Guerrero and Oaxaca. It is bound on the south by the ocean and runs as far north as the half-ruined city of Ometepec, once a gold-mining center but now fallen into decay. The African enclave's western extremity is the Guerrero village of Heuhuetan; in the east, it stops at the mixed Afro-Indian town of Pinotepa in Oaxaca. Although smaller than Long Island, Afro-Mexico offers an incredible diversity of topography

and climate. Along the coast is a steamy, tropical jungle region of mangrove swamps and coconut palms but less than five miles inland you find yourself on a plateau among the approaches to the towering Sierra Madre del Sur. This is cattle country, sparsely-treed and enjoying a temperate climate characteristic of the African veldt.

Africa in miniature! Go to the seaside village of Tecoaapa and you're on the tropical Guinea coast. Then travel less than 15 miles, to the hill town of Cochpan, and you find yourself in the invigorating uplands of Kenya.

As interesting as the area's geography is its history. How is it that a community of Negro Africans comes to be found in Mexico?

The enclave's inhabitants are descendants of Negroes who escaped from a fleet of contraband slave ships bound for Acapulco during colonial times. Under laws of the Spanish crown, Veracruz was the only port authorized to receive slave shipments, but a number of illegal attempts were made to smuggle Negroes into Acapulco.

Acapulco, now an international resort but then New Spain's chief Pacific port, serviced the gold mining center of Ometepe and San Luis Acatlan and it was believed that Negroes were hardier than Indians and better suited for back-breaking labor in the mines. The fugitive slaves, to their great good fortune, found themselves in a terrain almost identical to their homeland. Taking to the hills and

swamps, they waged intermittent guerrilla warfare against soldiers of the Spanish viceroy sent out to capture them. This state of affairs continued until Mexico achieved its independence in 1810 and all slaves were freed.

The Africans remained unmolested until the latter part of the 19th Century when they were herded into settlements by a German-American adventurer from Pittsburgh named Johann Schmidt. Schmidt, who called himself Don Juan Smith in Mexico, ruled over the area as a local tyrant until he was overthrown by the Revolution of 1910. With the downfall of Schmidt-Smith, the Negroes set up a virtually self-governing community and this is the situation that prevails to this day. Although the western border of Afro-Mexico is less than 100 miles from Acapulco, the enclave's existence is virtually unknown to the tourist throngs that invade the resort.

At the present time, a *modus vivendi* exists between the Mexican government and local authority in the region, with the tacit understanding that Federal intervention is kept at a minimum. To make one point perfectly clear, the African enclave can in no way be described as a ghetto or segregated area. Mexico is free of racial discrimination and persons who choose to leave the area are absorbed into Mexican life at every level, including intermarriage; those who remain do so voluntarily and out of

preference for their own way of life.

Due to factors of geographical and cultural isolation, estimates vary as to Afro-Mexico's present population. The most widely-accepted figure is 20,000, excluding persons of mixed Negro-Indian or Negro-Spanish blood who are found all along the Costa Chica, a coastal strip running 200 miles between Acapulco and Puerto Angel, Oaxaca.



I have mentioned the amazing diversity of topography and climate that exists within this minuscule area; no less striking is the diversity one encounters among its inhabitants. Affirming the principle that personality is developed by environment rather than by such a nebulous concept as "race," Afro-Mexicans can be broken down into three distinct sub-cultures—urban, coastal, and mountain.

The urban group consists of people born and raised in the area who have since chosen to join the mainstream of Mexican life. Such integration has meant pulling up stakes and moving to the "big city"—the metropolis in this case being Acapulco. Negroes, mulattoes, and *lobos* (persons of mixed Negro-Indian ancestry) form a consider-

able percentage of the resort's indigenous population and the African influence creates an ambience completely atypical of Mexico, one that suggests Rio or Havana far more than Mexico City or Guadalajara.

The majority of these displaced Negroes live in hillside communities on the outskirts of town and some of these areas—like La Laja and Calle Ocho—recall the *favelas* of *Black Orpheus*. The African influence is also reflected in Acapulco's music and typically Mexican *ranchero* songs, while still popular, are given a strong run for their money by such Afro-Carib rhythms as the *merengue* or *pachanga*.

Presence of a strong Negroid strain among Acapulqueños invariably creates confusion among tourists. "Where do they come from?" This is a question I have had thrown at me repeatedly and my explanations have usually been greeted with utmost skepticism. The idea of a Negro Mexican defies the American — and European — stereotype and I have heard Afro-Acapulqueños explained as Cuban refugees, Afro-Americans, West Indians, visiting Africans, and in fact as just about anything but what they actually were.

Of the Afro-Mexicans who have remained in their homeland, the coast people inhabit a number of fishing villages like Tecoaapa in Guerrero and Corralero in Oaxaca. Terrain here resembles not only the West African littoral but such trans-Pacific locations as Fiji, New

Guinea, and the Solomon Islands where the inhabitants, though non-African, are of Negroid stock. The coastal Negroes are skilled swimmers and divers and of the ones who eventually make the move to Acapulco, many wind up as professional skindivers and water ski instructors. (Yet a few miles inland you won't find one man in 100 who can swim a stroke.)

But it is the hill folk of Afro-Mexico who will most actively stir the imagination of "lost civilization" enthusiasts. For the land they inhabit furnishes daily a drama recalling the American Wild West, complete with ranches, brandings, roundups, and even occasional range wars. But if the area is isolated, it is far from impoverished as it contains some of the best grazing country and finest herds in the Republic. Such prosperity is reflected in the overall economy and the small town of Cuajinicuilapa, with less than 5,000 population, has three movie houses, an airport, and is fully electrified. For a community that size, this is almost unprecedented in Mexico.

Another striking similarity between the region and our Old Frontier relates to views on crime. In these uplands there are only two unforgivable offenses—rustling and stealing horses. Lawbreaking of a non-bovine or equine nature is dealt with, whenever possible, by the victim's family with police strongly discouraged from intervening. But rustlers and horse thieves are handed over for quick

trial before courts that mete out a merciless justice.

For example, a Huehuetan girl of my acquaintance regularly takes Friday afternoons off from work to visit her cousin in the Acapulco city jail. He is in the sixth year of a 15-year sentence with the sure prospect of having to serve out his full term; his offense was too serious to warrant consideration of pardon or even parole. I inquired as to the nature of his crime and was told that he had been convicted of selling stolen butcher's meat.



Regardless of environmental differences, both the amphibious coastal people and the herdsmen in the hills have in common a number of uniquely African folkways. On the coast as in the mountains, village huts are circular-shaped, constructed of wattle, and topped by thatched roofs. Both coastal and mountain women carry loads and baskets on their heads—this accounts for the magnificent posture of Afro-Mexican girls—and babies are carried, African-style, astraddle the mother's hip. (Indian women, on the other hand, carry babies in a *rebozo*, or shawl.)

The enchanting world of Afro-Mexico provides interest for Americans of a wide variety of tastes and backgrounds.

For the travel writer it is an untapped gold mine. Out of curiosity, I scanned every guide book on Mexico I could get my hands on and encountered only one—the revised edition of *Terry's Guide to Mexico*—that even mentions the region.

The Negro enclave is also an anthropologist's dream and budding Ashley Montagues and Margaret Meads, as they cover the area, will find source material to

fill a score of scholarly monographs.

If any remain unconvinced, I make the following suggestion. On their next trip to Acapulco, let them invest \$16—the round trip per passenger price of a small charter plane—and visit either Cuajinicuilapa, Guerrero, or Santo Domingo, Oaxaca, both communities serviced by airfields. *Then* let them say that Mexico has no lost civilization.



Jim Tuck, author of "The Afro-Mexicans," is a free lance writer who makes his home within commuting distance of the villages described in the article. This is Mr. Tuck's second appearance in *NEGRO DIGEST* this year, the other article being "Rome's Negro Emperor" in the Negro History Issue (February).



THE AFRICAN SCENE

The Nigerian Fisheries, Limited, is the name of the firm which will receive delivery of the three trawlers ordered by the Government from the Krupps interests at Essen, Germany. The boats will cost in excess of \$1,000,000.



The long-anticipated *Encyclopedia Africana*, the late Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois' great idea and labor of love, is scheduled for a 1970 publication, according to sources in Ghana. Feeder committees for the project operate in some 30 African countries, directing information and research to Encyclopedia headquarters at Accra. I. W. Hesse is research officer of the Encyclopedia Africana Secretariat.



Diamond sales by the Sierra Leone Government actually declined during the first half of 1965 from sales during a corresponding period during 1964. The difference was close to \$2,000,000.



An ambitious new review, the *Journal of Nigerian Studies*, will be launched at Lagos this year. The publication will deal with Nigerian history, arts, literature and matters "affecting various facets of Nigerian life." Manuscripts should be addressed to African Book Company Limited, P.M.B. 12022, Lagos, Nigeria.



The elaborate gambling casino in Nigeria's Government-owned Federal Palace Hotel at Lagos is backed by Swiss and Italian business interests. The Government receives 12½ per cent of revenues from the casino and bars its own employees from playing in the casino. The facility was established primarily as a tourist attraction.



During the fourth Afro-Asian Solidarity Conference at Accra last May, Kwame Nkrumah unveiled the imposing new statue of himself atop the 50-foot obelisk outside the Kwame Nkrumah Ideological Institute at Winneba (site of the conference).



A new language institution called The West African Linguistic Society was formed by the fifth congress of the West African Languages Survey. Dr. J. J. Greenberg of Stanford University in California was named chairman of the nine-member council named to set up by-laws and regulations for the society.





Facing A Vital Problem

The Negro and The Police

BY MATTHEW DAVIDSON

"We must somehow convince the policeman that his status and his security are not being threatened by the Negro's drive to achieve the same goals"

NEW YORK CITY Police Lt. Thomas R. Gilligan shot James Powell to death, and Harlem dissolved into an angry riot. The uproar that started there set off a chain reaction that spread to several other cities. Immediately after the rioting, sociologists, psychiatrists and city

officials set themselves to the task of finding out just how it all got started in the first place. One of the reasons—and often the trigger that sets off violence in the streets—is the hate and fear that exists between Negroes and the police.

But hostility between the Negro and the police is not manifested once a year in spectacularly isolated instances like the Harlem riot. The feeling is there week after week, year after year, and it is evident in hundreds of small incidents that do not receive newspaper coverage.

The U. S. Commission on Civil Rights has stated that police brutality is one of the major injustices in America today. Case histories documented in the Commission's report reveal that the civil liberties of Negroes in the custody of the police have been flagrantly violated.

In 1958 Chief Detective Pape and 13 Chicago policemen broke into James Monroe's apartment. Monroe and his wife were wakened and forced to stand in the center of the bedroom, while their six children were lined up in the living room. Pape reportedly hit Monroe several times, calling him "nigger," and "black boy." Another policeman was accused of assaulting Mrs. Monroe. Several of the children said they were kicked and beaten. Monroe was taken to jail and held on an open charge for 10 hours. He was denied the right to call a lawyer. He was denied the right to appear before a magistrate. He was

finally released without any charges being filed against him. In 1961, in the case of Monroe vs. Pape, the U. S. Supreme Court rendered a decision which permitted Monroe to sue the Chicago police department for violating the Federal Civil Rights Act.

An NAACP report on police practices in a large California city contained this case history: A police officer went to investigate a complaint. According to the NAACP, he was belligerent and choked one of the Negroes to the ground. A fight followed, during which the officer was hit on the head with a woman's shoe. Twenty-five arrests followed this incident. It was presumed by the officers that one of the men involved in the fight knew who had struck the officer with the shoe. He was taken to a secluded spot and beaten, later booked in city jail, and contrary to usual practice, no photographs were taken of him.

Lack of restraint by police is shown not only in individual incidents but in confrontations with civil rights demonstrators as well. In Princess Anne, Maryland, peaceful picketing of segregated restaurants turned into a riot. The state police used dogs, clubs and fire hoses to break up the crowd of Negro students. One demonstrator threw acid on the leg of a state trooper, burning him slightly. Several of the students were bitten by the dogs and kicked by police when on the ground. Forty-six students

had injuries ranging from bloody noses to concussions, fourteen were bitten by dogs, five so badly they needed stitching.

In New York recently a group of parents demonstrated to dramatize the need for a traffic light near a Harlem school. Their protest resulted in several arrests and charges of police brutality by demonstrators. It was alleged that police kicked, shoved and struck women and children as they broke up the gathering. Mrs. Alice Kornegay said that police kicked her in front of the school. Mrs. Vonnice Jordan, president of the school's P.T.A., charged that police "kicked us and hit us while making their arrests." A 13-year-old boy said that the police struck him in the side while he was walking along the street near the demonstration.

Several recent incidents in Los Angeles illustrate that feeling between the police and the Negro is dangerously explosive. A policeman was knocked unconscious and windows of two patrol cars smashed by a mob following a high school track meet. Other policemen were showered with sticks and stones by spectators who objected to the arrest of a youth who had been ejected from the stadium. More than 100 officers were summoned before the crowd, estimated at 600, was dispersed. The next day police officers, ambulance attendants and victims of a bus-auto collision were assaulted by a rock throwing crowd that gathered at the scene of the

accident. An officer said that rocks, cement and bottles were thrown at them as they attempted to aid the injured. Both these incidents occurred in south Los Angeles, the Negro district of that city.

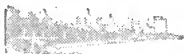
Soon after these outbreaks of violence, two Negro members of the Los Angeles City Council recommended increased training in community relations for policemen. Billy G. Mills, one of the councilmen, refused to label police tactics as discriminatory but pointed out that he is stopped on numerous occasions by police—"Not because I am violating the law but because they see me at night driving a car provided by the city."

William H. Parker, Chief of the Los Angeles Police Dept., blamed the disturbances on "social unrest and resentment against all forms of government authority." He said, "We have long been concerned about the tendency to blame the police for the inability of some people to conform to the law." But James Farmer, national director of CORE, said that Negro social unrest stems to a large degree from police brutality. "Police do not respect the Negroes rights as a citizen, so how can Negroes respect the police?" He continued: "The feeling in the Negro community, especially in the North, is stronger against police brutality than anything else."

A resident in a Negro community, after witnessing a fight between white police officers and a

young traffic offender who happened also to be a Negro, tried to analyze the cause of the disorder. She said, "It's just they don't have the right approach. They don't respect you. What are you going to do?"

What are we going to do? Malcolm X thought he had the solution. He said, "It is criminal to teach a man not to defend himself when he is the constant victim of brutal attacks. It is legal and lawful to own a rifle." And Louis Lomax, at a conference on civil equality at Pomona College, said that the non-violent Negro revolt has just about run its course. He said, "Non-violence is downright un-American." And, "One of the reasons you don't respect me and you call me 'boy' is that I don't defend myself."



While Lomax did not spell out exactly what forms he thought the new revolution of "self-defense" might take, it is certain that confrontations between police and civil rights groups would not be exempt from the *extreme* militant approach.

But when Malcolm X advocated the unlawful use of guns, he was approving the acts of the Lee Harvey Oswalds of this world. When Louis Lomax derides the non-violent movement, he spurns the obvious gains made by Dr. Martin Luther King, recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize. Surely it is possible to

solve the most difficult problems within the framework of existing law. History has proven that the extreme limits of self-justification and self-defense can only lead to anarchy.

Many people involved in the study of the relations between the police and the Negro feel that the education of the police officer in minority group problems has been seriously neglected. They contend that the police have been unwilling to recognize the fact that socio-economic factors have a direct bearing on individual behavior. Courses offered the recruit are neither long enough nor intensive enough. Worse still, most police departments stubbornly insist on having police officers, instead of trained social scientists, teach such courses. Dr. Charlotte Epstein, a social scientist and author of the book, *Intergroup Relations for Police Officers*, supports this criticism.

According to Dr. Epstein, "The men should be given every possible opportunity to come to grips with their own prejudices and learn how to control them in the performance of their duty. They should be helped to eliminate from their frames-of-reference all the stereotypes, all the misconceptions about racial, religious and nationality minorities. They also need thorough grounding in our concept of law—not only in specific ordinances but in the meaning of the law, the spirit of the law, the ex-

tension of the law to the everyday relationships of men."

Dr. Epstein also says, "In addition to study of group prejudices and law, they need some broadening in other human relations concepts. For example, their responses to the problems of homosexuality are so personal and emotional, that they undoubtedly interfere in their impartial dealings with homosexuals. Their attitudes toward college students, artists, bearded men, and toward women need exploration and understanding. What must not be overlooked is a thorough investigation of the relationship between race and crime, covering the many misconceptions extant concerning this relationship."

Lack of proper grounding in the social sciences is one reason for hostility between Negroes and the police, but there are other reasons as well. During the 1950's the Negro population had a net increase of 25 percent, while whites increased 18 percent. At the end of the fifties, for the first time in history, more than half of all Negroes were living outside the South, with the greatest increase in the far west.

Seventy two percent of all Negroes now live in urban areas, as opposed to 70 percent white. In spite of these increases in population, and a knowledge of the potential explosion that comes with them, city governments have been reluctant to allocate more money for improved police training methods, for accelerated recruitment

programs, or for policemen's salaries. Huge urban complexes such as New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, and Detroit, have let slums grow unheeded, have allowed, and sometimes encouraged, *de facto* segregation in schools, have done too little too late about fair employment practices, have seen their crime rate rise year after year, and then have professed to be "shocked" when their police force has to cope with race riots.

But the vast majority of citizens must, along with their city officials, accept part of the blame. Intellectually we know that the police are necessary, but emotionally we wish just to be left alone. Since we do not want to see, or hear, or know the police, the problems that are particularly indigenous to law enforcement agencies, no matter in what area, do not touch us. We are reluctant to call the police if a neighbor has broken the law. We think twice about offering a policeman help if he is in trouble. We utter lofty sentiments about the sacredness of law and order, and at the same time we reject those who are sworn to protect that law and order.

Although the reasons behind conflicting feelings are very different, white sentiment about the Negro closely parallels that felt about the police. The majority of white Americans advocate equal treatment for all, but emotional uneasiness about the Negro's drive for equality often tends to negate what

whites know intellectually is legally and morally right. According to a Newsweek Magazine survey, whites feel by a margin of 2-1 that Negroes are moving too fast. Two-to-one are against lunchroom sit-ins. Five-to-three are against picketing, and 10-1 are against "liedowns" in front of trucks at construction sites.

Resistance is greatest where Negroes are trying to "cross" in large numbers into working class communities, especially those of immigrant descent. In the recent presidential primary in Wisconsin, Gov. George Wallace of Alabama received 33 percent of the vote. He received a strong vote from labor, while his heaviest Democratic vote was among those of Polish descent.

An NAACP float in a St. Patrick's Day parade in south Boston bearing the slogan, 'From the fight for Irish freedom we must fight for American Equality,' was bombarded with rocks, beer bottles and cherry bombs. In Seattle, Washington, a fair housing ordinance was turned down by a 2-1 vote, despite heavy support from church and civic leaders. And on November 3rd, 1964, Californians passed Proposition 14, which, if not declared unconstitutional by the courts, will nullify virtually all of California's fair housing laws.

Perhaps the Negro and the police are singled out for abuse by a disgruntled white populace because they are both so obvious. The policeman with his uniform, the Ne-

gro because of the color of his skin. Both are effectively isolated, both are harassed, both are at one time or another spat upon. And when two such alien groups are backed into a corner, it is inevitable that they should turn and snarl at each other.



A substantial portion of Negro charges that the police are hostile to minority group aspirations is dismissed by many as hysterical mud-slinging by an agitated people. But John Milner, professor of social work at the University of Southern California and, until recently, a part-time teacher of police in human relations problems, had this to say. "I can say that the policemen and women seem to be generally prejudiced against the Negro. This attitude stems from two major reasons: One, the police personnel tend to come from lower class or lower middle class families. Two, the police fear the Negro, and with good reason. The need to deal with the uneducated delinquent type, who regard all constituted authority with hostility. The crime and delinquency rate among the Negro population is extremely high, and much of the policeman's work is taken up with them and, to him, they seem the major social problem. He sees no way to handle them, except by control. HE THEREFORE FEARS THEIR BEING GIVEN MORE FREEDOM." (capitals supplied)

Mr. Milner goes on to say that, "I have found this (prejudiced) attitude quite common to police from all parts of the U. S. Those working in the major cities seem to fear them (Negroes) even more than do police in the smaller southern communities. It has always been a point of discussion in my classes, whether or not the Negro is a 'sub-human' being, as some policemen in every class have insisted. The Negro does not respond in the same way (as the white) to their use of authority, and they see them as a 'different type of delinquent.'"

The police tend to view demonstrations as rowdiness, as exhibitionism in its crudest form. They think of the revolution as essentially a rebellion against the *status quo*. This strikes a sensitive nerve, for the police dearly love the *status quo*. It is their sworn duty, after all, to protect it.

The police do not seek sensationalism, they do not court controversy. They do, in fact, abhor it. One of the policemen's fondest (and most legitimate) desires is to be viewed as a professional man, equipped through intelligence, training and efficiency to do a difficult job. To achieve this goal the police have in the past several years been paying more and more attention to public relations. The art of creating a "good image" is an important part of every recruit's training.

The Negro, with his noisy, atten-

tion-getting ways, is threatening to spoil all these efforts. He is reviving old cries of "police brutality" and "dumb cop." He is creating front page headlines and pictures of police dragging demonstrators off to jail. He is, then, more than a nuisance, more than a crime statistic. He is, in policemen's eyes, a dangerous threat to a much desired elevation in status.

Occasionally, when criticism of police practices in Negro ghettos in large cities becomes too vocal, the police hold a public meeting to discuss grievances. One such meeting was held recently in southern California, and although it was well publicized in advance, fewer than forty people attended. At the meeting, no complaints were received.

The police immediately seized on the lack of complaints as proof that no problems exist. But this simple explanation ignores the fact that for over 300 years any desire on the part of the Negro to speak out against injustice has been swiftly repressed. So, if Negroes do not come forth to speak out in lawful assembly, their reluctance to meet the white man on his own territory should be understandable. It is unfortunate that this reasoning, which is based on historical fact, completely escapes the police.

It is little wonder, then, that a large majority of Negroes have little faith in citizen's committees or biracial councils or in the humanitarianism of the law. Instead, they take to the streets to fight the shadowy

ghosts of inequality. And they use the same weapons their oppressors have always used against them; fear, intimidation, and violence.

When Negroes do take to the streets, policemen are frightened. They see themselves as the only thing standing between angry Negroes and a complacent white society. As such, they tend to exaggerate the potential violence of individuals, and soon have trouble distinguishing between a peaceful civil rights demonstration and an angry mob. The policeman is the obvious target for hate and a need for violence. He is the man who must face, and deal with, the lunatic fringe, the dissident elements who become angry individuals, the rioters who strike out blindly at any symbol of authority.

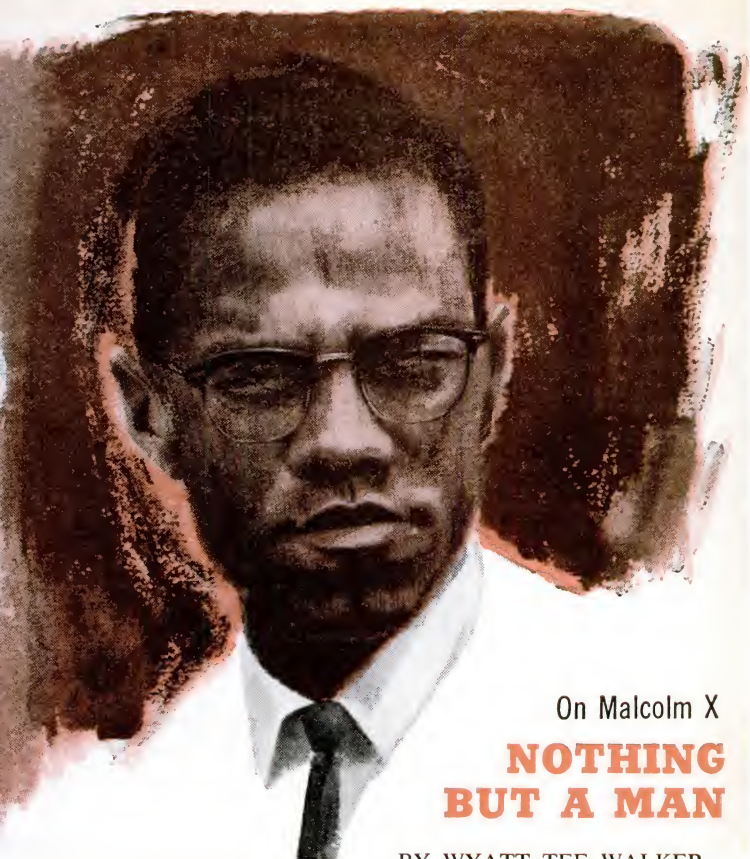
But the law must not become a club to beat down those who seek to arouse us. It must not protect those who seemingly deserve it and oppress those who are the have-nots in our society. There can be no flexible scale to determine who is to be granted civil liberties and who is to be denied them. The great wisdom in the Bill of Rights decrees that civil liberties are each individuals inherent right, no matter what his status, or his crime.

What must we do to ease the fear and prejudice that poisons actions and communication between the Negro and the police? A predominantly white society, which purportedly believes in the dignity of the individual and the sacredness of

the law, has tried to banish both the necessity of the police and the shame of the Negro from its conscious thoughts. In a very real sense this society has relegated the Negro, and the policeman as well, to a position of second-class citizenship. Worse yet, both groups have been placed in a position which, for one or the other, may soon become untenable.

We must, as citizens, as community leaders, as members of a minority race or members of a major power structure, as individuals and in groups, work in courtrooms, in jail cells, on street corners and in alleys to see to it that a Negro's rights, his dignity, and at times his person are protected. We must use our influence and our tax dollars to demand that policemen are exposed to more sophisticated and more extensive instruction in community relations. And we must somehow convince the policeman that his status and his security are not being threatened by the Negro's drive to achieve the same goals.

Whether he likes it or not, our faceless John Doe is involved when a nightstick cracks into someone's skull. He is involved in the civil rights movement; he is involved in the policeman's objectives and his prejudices. It is imperative that every citizen realize that this is happening to him. It is clear that only this awareness will stir him into taking an active role in helping himself solve this great American dilemma.



On Malcolm X

NOTHING BUT A MAN

BY WYATT TEE WALKER

"He was the symbol of Negro males who, though groping, have not yet found the answer to how they can be 'nothing but a man,' which is, really, more than enough"



HAVE not yet read or heard anyone speak of the historical significance of Malcolm X. More tragic than his death (for all men die sooner or

later) was that it was precipitated in the early days of a basic change in his philosophy. Perhaps it would be more precise to say "jelling" of his philosophy, for his break with the "old man," Elijah Muhammad, was *the change* and all that followed until his murder was really a quest for what this sensitive and dramatic "angry man" knew could be found somewhere *in spite of America*. For me, his search was consciously or unconsciously the reclamation of the black man's masculinity.

Sociologically, what focus the Negro family has had, parentally, has been for the most part, matriarchal—that is centered in the mother-figure. The racist critics who disparage the instability of Negro family life fail to note that there was no concept of family life in the Negro community in the South until just a hundred years ago. Then, following "Emancipation," the left-over evils of slavery, some of which are much in evidence today, contributed largely to the suppression of the father-figure in the already weakened and sometimes broken family circle. Reconstruction, followed by "separate but equal" and the coupling with antebellum "traditions," prevented the Negro male from becoming a man. The only course left was *survival by accommodation* — being an Uncle Tom.

The male head of the Negro family could defend neither his woman nor his children; he was impotent politically and economically; he ab-

solved violence and death without cause or purpose. Having had to stand by and see his children starved and his women raped, the Negro man either resigned his manhood or physically fled his responsibility as the only alternatives to sure death. The end result of this circumstance was for the Negro child to be almost totally dependent upon the female head of the family for strength, direction, hope—whatever! Children for the last three or four generations have grown to manhood and womanhood under this matriarchal influence necessitated by loss of the Negro male's masculinity.

This is why Brother Malcolm has historical importance. As he was symptomatic of the terrible ills that beset our nation domestically, he was also symptomatic of the solution to those ills. Black and white people who regretted and resented the presence of a Malcolm X would have done better to have regretted and resented the society that *produced* him. It must be noted that as Malcolm made an impact on society, in reciprocal fashion, he felt its impact on him. How was it that a Malcolm X never appeared on the scene until the nonviolent movement led by Martin Luther King Jr. had reached thunderous proportions? All of the problems have been just about the same for the last one hundred years.

One who is a thoughtful student of sharp social change can recognize the tell-tale dynamics of revolution. Given a Martin Luther King

Jr., there had to be a Malcolm X. In earlier days, Dr. King was considered by most in the national community (circa 1960) a dangerous wild-eyed perverter of religion with demagogic power and obvious Communist sympathies. Whites were not alone in swallowing hard at his "extremist tactics." Enter Malcolm X, and Dr. King, in contrast to the fiery outpourings of Malcolm X *a la Muhammad*, necessarily became more palatable to the American scene. King, the pioneer of a new militancy, provokes a response that purports to "out-King" King.

Thus, Malcolm represented a newly found assertiveness that had lain dormant too long in the minds of men of color. Casual observers of the present American scene in race relations mistakenly assess Malcolm as "more militant" and Dr. King as "less militant," when in reality each practiced distinctly different methodologies. Dr. King, by the nature and practice of non-violence, could not be more militant; Malcolm's practice was far less militant than his theory. Militancy is more accurately measured by how determinedly one pursues and *achieves* his goals. Dr. King chose nonviolence as his methodology and has steadily escalated and broadened his attack against the evils of bigotry and prejudice so much so that his work now tangentially is of significance to international affairs.

Malcolm's methodology was ver-

balized as an "eye-for-an-eye" in earlier days and softened to self-defense in later days. The goals of both, though not always described as such, were basically securing a fair shake for the black man in America. Dr. King's techniques have proved to be not only religious and morally rooted but also practically and realistically productive. However charitably one may view the work of Malcolm X, the same caliber of results are not evident.

Not everyone can buy the non-violent stratagems of Dr. King and Company (though, I am proud to be counted in his number). Few, precious few, can academically and functionally accept nonviolence as a way of life. All those who are left are not necessarily spineless or violent. There are certainly those like Malcolm, whose manhood was challenged? strengthened? by the repeated heroism of men, women and children of the Deep South in the face of awesome hardships, physical and emotional. The non-violent movement in the South broke the shackles from many chained minds in the North through its raw courage alone.

A Malcolm X, a Jesse Gray, a Milton Galamison had to do *something* though they would not *or* could not abide by the discipline of the King-led forces who "turn the other cheek." To some degree, this may explain some character of disconnectedness in the thrust of the Negro community in our large urban centers of the North. The new-found assertiveness of the Negro

in the North went off in as many different directions as the personalities through whom it was filtered. At some points, as in the case of last summer's looting and so-called "riots," its misdirection and lack of discipline degenerated into senseless violence. In almost every instance, it expressed itself most vehemently at that point in society where the Negro male has been emasculated most — confrontation with law enforcement officials.

Malcolm "brought whitey down front" and men who had cowered inwardly and outwardly in the presence of the nameless white face in whose world he moved admired his spunk and grit. Vicariously through him, some Negro men got up off their knees for the first time in their lives and touched their manhood as if it were a new Christmas toy.

What am I saying? We should make the late Mr. Little, "St. Malcolm?" Not at all. Malcolm was guilty at times of useless illogical and intemperate remarks that helped neither him nor his cause. I personally could never buy black nationalism, nor could I recommend it even if conditions for black men were infinitely worse than they are. But all the world must agree that Malcolm had the "book" on white America and he read it loud and clear for all to hear.

The press generally, more from naivete than from malice, wrote

Malcolm off rather quickly at death, almost summarily, as "living and dying by the sword." This was neither a fair or accurate assessment of the late Malcolm X. Careful study of Malcolm's preachments, particularly after his break with Elijah Muhammad, reveal primarily focus on being pro-black as versus being antiwhite, as he was erroneously described in epitaph. A secondary focus was his insistence on the right of an individual to protect the sanctity of his home, life, and property with arms as over against his newspaper-produced reputation of encouraging black to take up arms against white. These are fine shades of differences but absolutely crucial to understanding the historical importance of Brother Malcolm.

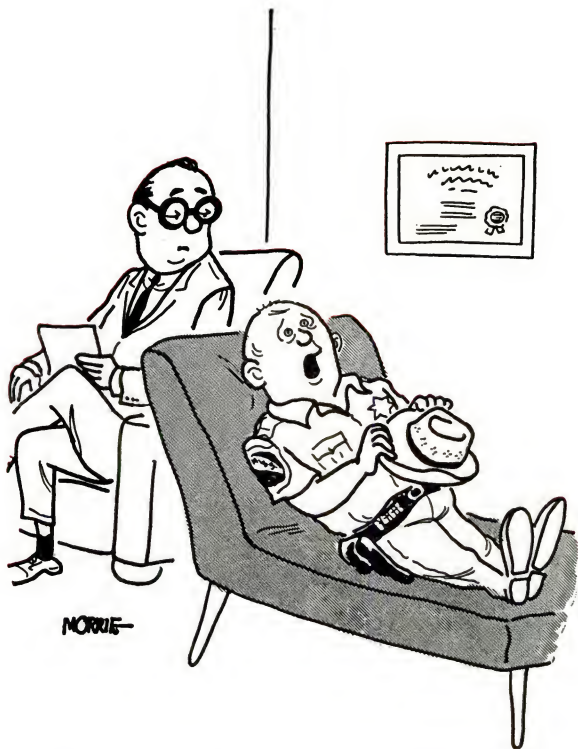
The current low-budget movie, *Nothing But a Man*, is the story of another Malcolm, fictitious yet very real, who can be found all over this land. Dove Anderson, the main character, wasn't looking for trouble or running away from it either. His un verbalized goal in this magnificent picture was to be "nothing but a man." That's what Malcolm X was all about. He was the symbol of Negro males who, though groping, have not yet found the answer to how they can be "nothing but a man," which is, really, more than enough.



Wyatt Tee Walker, author of the article on the late Malcolm X, "Nothing But A Man," is former chief of staff to Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and is now a publishing executive with the Negro Heritage Library. This is his third article for **NEGRO DIGEST**.

Humor in Hue

By Morrie



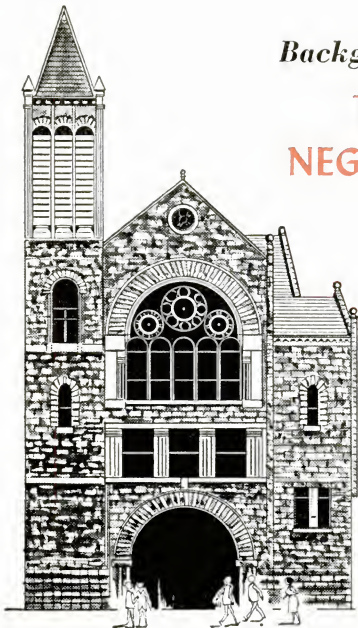
"Integration is beginning to make sense to me"

Background To A Caricature?

THE EMPTINESS OF NEGRO MIDDLE CLASS CHURCH LIFE

BY DR. NATHAN HARE

"The middle class Negro church . . . surpasses the white church in some areas of organized distraction . . . the Negro middle class church . . . was found to be the most materialistic in the United States"



I KNOW that it is a hazardous mission to undertake an examination of the weaknesses of middle class Negro church life. Accordingly, while exercising care and all due moderation in my deliberations, I shall also frequently rely on the observations of eminent sociologists and theologians to back up most of my contentions. They too have reluctantly come to recognize a growing emptiness in "black bourgeoisie" church life.

Besides, in many ways this analysis is a commentary on white middle class church life after which the Negro middle class generally is patterned. In fact, the most ostensible difference between white and Negro middle class church life—though there are others, as we shall see—is that Negro church services usually last twice as long, for reasons that will become clear as we go along. One reason why Negro services last so long is the desire for everybody to have a word and the necessity for "welcoming" all

visitors—but more about that later.

A cue to the middle class Negro mentality may be found in a comparison of church songs used by lower class Negroes and the middle class. Regardless of what may be said of the lower class, at least their songs have meaning in that they symbolize malcontent and a desire to escape their deprivation. They at least are bent on going somewhere. Therefore, their songs frequently contain some reference to a vehicle—a chariot, a train bound for the Promised Land — which will swing down some day by and by and take them out of their misery. Failing that, they plan to “Walk Through That Valley” or “(I’ll) Fly Away.” On the other hand, recent visits to middle class Negro churches revealed “anthems” and such titles as “Rejoice and Be Glad” and “It is Well With my Soul.” These symbolize their acquiescence and complacent contentment.

But before examining in detail the emptiness of middle class Negro church life, let us look at the background factors to their behavior. Unlike white middle class individuals, many of whom are the children of middle class parents, many middle class Negro individuals grew up as lower class persons. As they move up the status ladder, many grow dissatisfied with membership in the lower class churches they have known in early life. They accordingly switch into churches not identified with the Negro.

Others choose a church because

of its prestige. The faculty of a college in the South where I once taught has been known to join whatever church the president belongs to. When they had an Episcopalian president, most were Episcopalians. Later, when they obtained a Baptist president, most joined the Baptist church he attended. E. Franklin Frazier found professionals such as lawyers and doctors belonging to two churches—one for prestige, while retaining membership in a lower class church in order to attract a clientele. Some other persons retain membership in two denominations because they are reluctant to let their parents back home know they have switched denominations.

Large churches also serve a status value. The Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem is said to be the largest in the United States. In many others in the North (where migrant Negroes have experienced new status gains) persons desiring a seat must go long before services begin. This is not so much a reflection of mushrooming piety as it is a passion for big churches. Accordingly, many churches over-report their membership. And yet, these mass churches are characterized by anonymity and a loss of individuality on the part of members.

In addition, middle class Negro churches seek to sever their identity with Negro lower class churches. Gibson Winters (*The Suburban Captivity of the Church*) has pointed out that Negro middle class churches often form a “buffer”

against the lower class community. They reject the lower class; yet they must live with constant reminders of their common heritage and their own recent escape from the Southern lower class. The aggravation stemming from this fact led one middle class minister to comment that "storefront" churches merely "express pent-up emotions" and, moreover, that "people of this type [lower class church members] are in the first stages of insanity."



Vattel Daniel, writing in the *American Sociological Review*, reported that many middle class Negro christians regard deep religious devotion as synonymous with lower class worship. "Getting happy," for example, in a black bourgeoisie church, is strictly taboo. And, according to St. Clair Drake, in *Black Metropolis*, a person who admits to being "sanctified" is immediately labeled lower class.

Thus the middle class has generally become alienated from the lower class churches and their problems. What should be the biggest source of mission is ignored. Meanwhile, some take missions to help "civilize" or Christianize Africa and even contribute to such funds as white educational enterprises. On the other hand, during my days as a member of a middle class Negro church, I sat and watched the deacons escort a middle aged woman (who, being

lower class, was responding with oral enthusiasm to the minister's message) straight out of the church — at the minister's request!

Frazier, in *The Negro Church*, told how middle class Negroes have tried to remove identification as Negroes from their churches. The Colored Methodist Episcopal (CME) became the *Christian Methodist Episcopal*. There has also been some effort to get the AME (African Methodist Episcopal) changed to the *American Methodist Episcopal*, but the masses rejected the move. Another sociologist reported, as early as 1942, that many middle class Negroes were severing their affiliation with churches traditionally associated with Negroes — Baptist, Methodist — and joining others with non-Negro identities, such as the Catholics, Lutherans and Episcopalian. Thus, churches with a majority of lower class members among whites, such as the Catholics and the Lutherans, become "upper class" Negro churches. In moving up the status ladder, some seem to get the impression, as they follow whites to the suburbs and, where possible, into their staid congregations, that they also are moving out of the Negro race.

They appear to believe that Heaven is surely integrated and, therefore, the only way to Heaven is through the doors of an integrated church. They covet white church membership as an earthly symbol of the paradise they perceive. Accordingly, they stage

pray-ins, not to mention unpublicized slink-ins, to gain admission to congregations that have failed to demonstrate true Christian ways. Such congregations have lagged behind the courts and the schools in accepting Negroes and have, as a group, only subsequently begun spouting some sympathy for their Negro "brethren" and their predicament. Nor have they raised their voices in a sustained fashion on any other major evil of today's world such as war and imperialism. We do not expect that middle class Negroes, who hunger for the white brand of religion, will have anything much to say about these issues either.

But not only is the middle class Negro church a caricature of the white church; it surpasses the white church in some areas of organized distraction. For example, the Negro middle class church was found by Frazier (*The Negro Church*) to be the most materialistic religious group in the United States. This is indicated by the competition for finery visible in elaborate buildings and furnishings and in the members' struggle to outdress one another at church affairs. Some persons feel out of place if they are not well "togged." The bulk of the collection generally goes to the building fund, while only about 6.3 per cent (according to Benjamin Mays and Nicholson in *The Negro's Church*) is given to missions, education and the like.

In spite of the emphasis on the erection of grand physical struc-

tures, many members are found to hedge on giving their share to the collection plate. Less than half of the reported membership in the Negro church were found by Mays and Nicholson to pay their dues regularly. The larger the church the fewer the contributions in relation to the members, in that more can hide behind anonymity in the group. This gives rise to numerous and complex appeals for contributions.

In the effort to wring money from stingy members, some churches instruct communicants to march by the collection table up front on the assumption that they will be too ashamed to walk by without giving anything. This exercise usually follows and complements previous passings of the collection plate. Some follow the "general" offering with "sacrificial" offerings. In addition, envelopes are often distributed to members and contributions given "official credit." This is in contrast to the lower class practice of taking collection by merely whipping up the spirit of the members on the spot.

The emptiness of the middle class Negro church also emerges in the formality of their exercises which, though similar to that of the white middle class, is more intense, according to Gibson Winters in *The Suburban Captivity of the Church*. Not only do they require subdued expression of religious emotions, with orderliness and uniformity; they also frown on verbal outbursts and are afraid to clap

their hands even if the spirit should move them to do so. I recently noted with interest the admonition in a middle class Negro church program: "Enter the Sanctuary in Silence." Also, whereas songs once were started by anyone so moved, now ritualistic monotony is broken only by an occasional standing to accompany the organ in rendering a "hymn." Thus they are adopting the ritualism-as-an-end-in-itself approach characteristic of white congregations described in Morris L. West's novel, *The Devil's Advocate*.

While we do not need to dwell on the antics of Negro middle class ministers, as I have discussed that in another study (see "Have Negro Ministers Failed Their Roles?" *NEGRO DIGEST*, July, 1963), the emptiness of the sermons of many ministers is apparent. The subject of a middle class sermon I recently heard was, "Why Everybody Should Go to Church." While some, especially in the South, do capitalize on the drama of the Negro's struggle for equality, many label such sermons derogatorily as "political" speeches. Many are bent on saving souls instead of the race. Others would prefer to save members for their churches than to save souls.

They accordingly spend much time on Biblical legend rather than on the world's current problems. This grows in part from a desire to show off knowledge of Biblical history learned in "white" divinity schools. The long-winded among

them likewise are given to spouting grand theology. And yet, while they have produced some "leaders" in the field of "race relations," they have not, according to Joseph Washington, himself a leading Negro minister, produced any first-rate theologians. This is partly due to their opposition to intellectual efforts within the area of religion.

Whereas ministers used to whoop up their audiences to righteousness they now whisper into microphones. Instead of chastizing members for their wrongdoings, in the middle class they now read an "assurance of pardon" preceding the reading of their "prepared" sermons. This leads to conflicts with their members. Ruby Johnston (*The Development of Negro Religion*) found ministers far less tolerant toward "emotionalism" than church laymen. They have accordingly lost some of the rapport between speaker and members, who used to indicate approval and spur the minister on. In the middle class, the minister now appears as a formal lecturer. Anyone who forgets and says "Amen" will be looked upon with scorn. This formality is regarded as "progress" and "culture."

Since middle class church services necessarily are more cold and impersonal, compared to the lower class, they lose and miss a basic warmth and intimacy. Many are not even known by their pastors, whom they see only on Sunday. Thus the necessity for fellowship and acceptance in a variety of com-

mittees and associations. Others must complement their associational life with pseudo-religious fraternities, clubs and lodges. They form "hospitality" committees to fill an apparent absence of hospitality. In addition there is a plethora of interests peripheral to church worship itself. There is a proliferation of clubs, associations, missions, fellowships, auxiliaries, "orientation" dinners, and other recreational activities and organizations to compensate for social maladjustment to city life. This is not to mention the various raffles and bizzarres to compensate for low contributions already discussed.

Reflecting in part the growing secularization of American society, many, according to Joseph Washington, confuse religiosity with faith. Indeed, some adopt a cynical attitude toward faith. Ruby Johnston found in a study of 122 persons that, of those expressing a belief in God, only 17 were warm in their expression and only 18 enthusiastic. Of those expressing a belief in prayer, only 13 were warm and 22 enthusiastic. This is not even to mention that some of those who were enthusiastic were no

doubt giving lip service to an acceptable folkway.

In any case, many feel that it is necessary only to profess membership without following the dictates of their faith or even attending services. Religious affiliation is enough for them. Vattel Daniel found churchgoing not important especially for "upper" class Negroes. In other churches, there is a high turnover of membership, with members bouncing from church to church in search of spiritual satisfaction.

Those who attend church services have failed to make any significant contributions to theology, in part because they have sat back and gloated over the fact that "Christ died for us." Even the famous white lawyer, Clarence Darrow, once told a Negro congregation to get off their knees and do something rather than rear back and wait to be "redeemed."

In mimicking white religious bodies, Negro middle class congregations are fast becoming as empty as their coveted model. But they will have to go far beyond white religious models if they are going to be successful in promoting high religious ideals.



Nathan Hare, author of "The Emptiness of the Middle Class Negro Church," is professor of sociology at Howard University in Washington, D. C. A regular contributor to *NEGRO DIGEST*, Dr. Hare is praised and denounced in about equal measure for his no-holds-barred criticism of middle class Negroes. His book, *The Black Anglo-Saxons*, published during the summer, grew out of a similarly titled article for *NEGRO DIGEST* (May 1962).



Same Story, New Angle

JIM CROW JUSTIFICATION —SIXTIES STYLE

By BYRON FULKS

"In a manner characteristic of segregationists, Dr. Sullivan . . . takes the appalling effects of segregation as a justifiable cause to continue it indefinitely"

Dotson, who blacks my shoes every morning." Thus Andy Dotson went down in American history—along with U. S. Senator James K. Vardaman of Mississippi, who made that statement.

In a speech in 1906, during his governorship, he had expressed an equally strong opposition to educating the Negro's "head." And he stated bluntly that Negroes would always be only a servant class in Mississippi—"and in all the states ultimately."

As a member of the Mississippi House of Representatives, 1890-



AM just as opposed to Booker T. Washington as a voter, with all his Anglo-Saxon reinforcements, as I am to the cocoanut headed, chocolate colored, typical little coon, Andy

96, Governor, 1904-08, U. S. Senator, 1913-19, Vardaman was significantly instrumental in designing, establishing, and defending a pattern of rigid, humiliating, and exploitative racial segregation which did ultimately encompass the entire Deep South—but hardly all of the union.

And now this anomalous caste system in American democracy is under incessant attack from many quarters. But, like any established human institution under attack, it has its staunch defenders. Among those warmly defending segregation are notably most of the white Southern clergymen. In upholding the racial status quo, they are, however, only acting in a traditional role. During the abolition movement the Southern clergy stoutly defended chattel slavery as necessary to the continuation of our civilization.

Today, Dr. Clayton Sullivan, a Baptist minister of Tylertown, Mississippi, thinks that "at the present time in the rural South segregation is a social necessity, a device to stave off cultural disintegration." ("Speaking Out," Saturday Evening Post, April 10, 1965.) But, before the end of his article his "present time" has merged with the distant future, for he sees a complex "Negro problem" that "is going to be around for generations to come."

A further glimpse into Southern history, which Dr. Sullivan almost completely ignores, will better in-

dicate why segregation was devised. It should be understood that the establishment of segregation was definitely not the restoration of a social order that had existed before the Civil War. It was instead a new order of a kind that would have been impractical with the close association during slavery. Further, this new order was not instituted immediately after Reconstruction. (See *The Strange Career of Jim Crow* by C. Vann Woodward.)

In fact, there was a considerable period of uneasy respite for the Negro people, during which Negroes shared in the use of public facilities, held local, state, and national offices, and served on juries and on the bench.

For instance, in 1879, two years after the removal of federal occupation troops from the South, Negroes in Jackson were using Hamilton Park for picnics, and Angelo's Hall for dances—the same park that white church ladies used for fetes, and the same hall that whites used for dances and for Democratic conventions. For several years most Mississippi saloons served customers of both races at the same bar. Providing separate tables for each race, many restaurants served all comers in the same room. Rigidity in interracial relations came to Mississippi later.

And relaxed relations between the races was more manifest and lasted longer in other states. In 1885, eight years after Home Rule

had been restored, a Negro journalist traveled from Boston to South Carolina with "a chip on my shoulder" and found the South ahead of the North in relaxed and friendly relations between the races. That same year a Northern visitor in New Orleans was greatly surprised, if not shocked, by the free and easy race relations there.

Also, the period of office holding by Negroes was not confined to Reconstruction. The last Negro Congressman from the changing South was George H. White of North Carolina, who completed his term in 1901.

And Negroes in large numbers continued to vote in the South on through the 'nineties. Negroes were eventually disfranchised by indirection through constitutional trickery that began in Mississippi in 1890 and ended as late as 1908 in Georgia.

Ironically, one duly elected delegate to the Mississippi Constitutional Convention of 1890 was a Negro, I. T. Montgomery. The central purpose of this convention, openly avowed but not officially acknowledged, was to disfranchise the Negro. Montgomery estimated the new constitution would eliminate 123,000 Negro voters but only 11,000 whites. (See *From Slavery to Freedom* by John Hope Franklin.) In 1890, thirteen years after the restoration of Home Rule, Mississippi had 189,884 registered Negro voters; in 1961 she had 23,801.

The respite for the Negro people was indeed uneasy. Negro lynching was proceeding apace during the period of Negro voting. This summary method of rendering "justice" reached its high point in 1892, when 160 people were lynched—roughly three per week. And sometimes and in some places Negro voters were marched in from a plantation and "voted," and some of them were often kept away from the polls by trickery or intimidation, and some of their votes were often stolen.

Yet, their votes in considerable numbers did often count. Rival politicians vied with one another for the Negro vote, respectfully addressing a voter as "Mister." So incidentally, voting rights not only afforded Negroes occasions for a sense of ordinary human dignity, but they also exerted a cultural influence upon politicians.

But, if you want to degrade an enfranchised people, the first logical step is to disfranchise them. After the Negro was disfranchised in any state, his social abasement could proceed without consideration of political expediency. Besides, Negro disfranchisement would stop rival white factions from stealing the Negro vote! That became a popular argument.

Though rigid segregation in the South was welcomed by many for economic, psychological, and social reasons, it was sanctioned by the old line aristocratic, conservative Democrats, seasoned and skillful

politicians, only when a political crisis seriously threatened their overthrow. Hoping to attract Northern and Eastern industry and capital to the Redeemed South, they had begun to support the interests of the railroads, the big banks, and other corporations.

But the poor whites, as well as the Negroes, needed low freight rates and "easy money" in order to prosper even moderately. For many small farmers, high freight rates and "hard money" led directly to mortgage foreclosures. Since no middle class as such had yet arisen in the South, nearly all of the white population belonged to the small farmer class.

So, in the 'eighties third parties began to arise to challenge the conservative, Whig-like Democrats. As Greenbackers, Independents, or Readjusters these political rebels made no headway. But when the Populists, members of the Peoples Party, appeared on the Southern scene in large numbers in the 'nineties, they posed a real threat to the serene supremacy of the conservative Democrats.

The white Populists not only welcomed Negroes as members, they also gave them positions in the policy making councils of the party. The farming whites and the Negroes had a pressing common interest that for a time drew them together politically: they shared a grinding poverty. As one white delegate to a state Populist convention expressed it, they were "both in the same ditch."

The Populists won many local elections across the South. Populist sheriffs, a different breed from the segregationist sheriffs of today, were quite common. And in their counties Negroes generally were treated as full-fledged citizens—at least by the sheriffs. The Populists, with the aid of the Republicans, were actually able to gain political control of one state—North Carolina.



To the conservative Democrats the prospects of a permanent political union between large numbers of whites and Negroes became truly a clear and present danger. And when these rebels began to talk about land reform, they became an intolerable menace. But the Democrats had in reserve one sure-fire weapon, which they were now ready to unlimber: color prejudice.

A broad campaign of vilification against the Negro people was carried on simultaneously with the disfranchising drive. This campaign enlisted the services of the press, public forums, the pulpit, and the authors of books. One book which appeared in 1900 was entitled *The Negro a Beast; or, In the Image of God*. Lynching was the strong-arm part of this campaign to put the Negro "in his place" and keep him there.

By a blatant and massive appeal to the dormant race prejudice that slumbered, unacknowledged if not

unrecognized, in the frustrated breasts of many Populists, the Democrats were able to wreck the Peoples Party. In state after state the name of the party disappeared from the ballot. In 1904 Tom Watson of Georgia was the last Populist presidential candidate. But the Peoples Party was dead. For a quarter of a century Watson had fought gallantly, sometimes dangerously, for Negro rights and for Populism; but in 1906 he, too, climbed on the bandwagon of Negrophobia and thus became the anti-Negro political boss of Georgia.

After the death of the Populist Party, the poor whites, in their untutored poverty, could at least have the pleasure of looking down upon the "niggers"—the Booker T. Washingtons along with the Andy Dotsons. But the Negroes, stripped of political allies, were inextricably enmeshed in the relentlessly closing net of cold segregation.

In its rigid, legalized form, segregation is chiefly a twentieth century product. Up to 1900 Jim Crow laws applied only to railroad travel, except that Georgia alone had some Jim Crow street cars. Montgomery did not have separate street car facilities until 1906. And before 1899 only three states had separate waiting rooms.

In fact, practically all segregation laws were enacted early in this century. "Whites Only" and "Colored" were twentieth century signs we managed to get along without

for decades after emancipation. Louisiana didn't get around to separating its circus patrons by law until 1914. And it was 1915 before South Carolina law even began to require separate facilities for factory workers.

In design and operation the new order of segregation was the best available substitute for slavery. Its central purpose was to degrade the Negro people socially, exploit them economically, and stultify them mentally. If it also had the effect of abasing some of them morally, that should not be at all surprising, for it certainly increased the moral insensitivity of many white people.

Lacking historical knowledge, most segregationists view the "Negro problem" simply: segregationists are the "good guys" and integrationists are the "bad guys."

Unquestionably there is a tremendous social problem in the Deep South. But the attitude of the local "white power structure" is the central obstacle to a rational handling of the problem. Many in positions of influence and power are still fighting the Civil War, as the wide official display of the old Confederate flag clearly indicates. Many white people of that region have never fully accepted the Emancipation Proclamation, much less the Fifteenth Amendment. Like the late Senator Vardaman, they want the Negro to be always a servant.

In order to maintain this de facto servitude, the whites have wisely

(from their view point) refused to recognize the Negro's full citizenship and to allow him to vote. Likewise, they have been prudent in refusing to educate "his head." An informed and enfranchised servant class would, of course, vote itself out of servitude.

In Dixie a vestigial sense of personal ownership of Negroes, which lingers on from the days of chattel slavery, often comes out in casual conversation. In rural areas, a Negro whom someone does not recognize is always identified as "one of Mr. Broadacre's niggers."

Dr. Sullivan finds "an appalling chasm" that separates "most of the rural Negroes" "from the mainstream of American life." But surely he knows that segregation was deliberately devised and designed for the very purpose of separating Negroes from the mainstream of American life. (segregate, v. t. To separate or cut off from others or from the general mass."—Webster.) The width and depth of that chasm only testify to the tragic success of segregation.

In a manner characteristic of segregationists, Dr. Sullivan reverses the cause and effect relationship. He takes the appalling effects of segregation as a justifiable cause to continue it indefinitely. That is a pleasing and satisfying way to see the situation, for it eases the conscience and neatly shifts the responsibility from the perpetrators to the victims of that dehumanizing social wrong.

In their everyday language, segregationists automatically always exclude Negroes from *their* stream of American life. For instance, Dr. Sullivan counts them, in the population statistics of Tylertown; but when he speaks of having "profound respect" for "the people" of the town, he is certainly not talking about the Negroes, who constitute nearly half of the people. In like manner he excludes them when he refers to fellow townsmen, Mississippians, clergymen, and Southerners. Such terms of reference are reserved for whites only. Negroes are only Negroes. A segregationist would never, no never, refer to a Negro as a Southerner.

White children, in Dr. Sullivan's opinion, should not have to go to school with "Negroes" from impoverished homes which have been abandoned by the "Negro men." Do no white children come from such homes? And is impoverishment a generally acknowledged social stigma in Mississippi, which has the lowest per capita income of any state in the union—\$1379 in 1963?

Dr. Sullivan tries to justify *racial* segregation on such other grounds as personal uncleanness, superstition, and low moral standards. But those are *human* characteristics under certain circumstances. In twenty-three years of school teaching in rural Arkansas—a next door neighbor to Mississippi—I often found the same things among whites. Are all whites of the South

now above all these things? What about the ones who were once commonly known as "poor white trash" and whose counterparts are now commonly referred to as "red necks" or "crackers"?

Moral standards? What about the moral standards of those whites who burn Negro churches by the dozens, coldly bomb Negro children to death, and wantonly murder civil rights workers? Also, what about white citizens and officials who condone such acts? And, finally, what about the morality of segregation itself, which is the Mother of countless immoralities?

Immorality does not belong exclusively to any particular race. Neither does morality.

Besides, if impoverishment, personal uncleanness, and superstition were taken as the standards by which to enforce public school segregation, you would have economic class segregation instead of racial segregation. And class segregation was precisely what many Southern aristocrats expressed a preference for when Jim Crow railway cars were first introduced.

But people are not races, nor classes either; they are individuals and deserve to be treated as such.



Bryan Fulks, author of "Jim Crow Justification—Sixties Style," is a former schoolteacher now living in the scenic region of north-central coastal California. His previous **NEGRO DIGEST** articles were "Old Jim's Yankee Son" (March 1964) and "An Exclusive Interview With Jim Crow" (August 1964).



On Record

In a new Limelight album, *Jambo Caribe*, Dizzy Gillespie takes his upswept trumpet to the Caribbean. To followers of the bop-oriented musician, it would seem that such an invasion would leave the Antilles in ferment, but the perceptive Diz, like a starry-eyed tourist, takes away more than he leaves behind. Latin rhythms permeate the album, from the subdued "Fiesta Mo-jo" (Witch Doctor's Party) to lively, up-tempo pieces like "Barbados Carnival" and "Don't Try to Keep Up With the Joneses." Only in the final selection, "Trinidad, Goodbye," is there any hint of the riffing Diz who helped popularize progressive jazz in the late 1940's. He is assisted in his south seas excursion by James Moody who, despite having mastered the flute, is still ables when hollering through his tenor sax; bassist Kenny Barron; guitarist Chris White; Conga drummer Rudy Collins, and Kansas Fields on bass drum and cow bells. Greying Gillespie, who is becoming one of jazz's "grand old men," calls the album a "sort of potpourri of African and Western Hemisphere influences." It is, indeed, with heaviest emphasis on the unique rhythms that abound in Jamaica, Cuba, Haiti, Barbados, Trinidad and thereabouts. For those who don't like the music, the album includes some striking Caribbean water-color sketches by artist Bucky Milam.—H. B.



Jazz trombonist Kai Winding, like most of his contemporaries, is an experimenter. He loves that which is new, bold, daring and different. Therefore, it comes as no surprise that he has been trying for the past three years to evolve a musical "marriage" between his 'bone sound and that of such rock 'n' roll instruments as the portable electric organ, the six-string bass guitar, the Fender electric bass and the standard electric guitar. His latest effort is a Verve album entitled *Rainy Day*, and it comes complete with all the aforementioned instruments and a vocal group which goes by the name, Prevailing Winds. As could be expected, the recording is a controversial one. Some people will say it's grand, while others will say it's like the title—all wet. Both factions will be right, so to speak. A few of the tracks come off in style, but others never leave the starting block. For instance, "Pennies From Heaven" is unquestionably the apex of the disk. It is both danceable and jazzy, and features the exciting Winding virtuosity at its rhythmic best. On the other hand, "Leave Me Alone" is as bad as a number can be. It isn't a song, it's a staccato of nothingness, and the Prevailing Winds turn out to be mere snatches of air, rather than soft musical breezes. The group serves as delightful embellishment for some of the tunes, but mostly it clouds up a situation which is already hazy and dull. In street parlance, "they ain't where it's at." As for the album, well, you can't win 'em all.—R. H.



This deserves repeating over and over again, so there won't be an apology for the repetition here: Sarah Vaughan is SINGING again.

She has put aside all those vocal calisthenics, those show-case phrasings, those exaggerated shifts in octaves in the same bar. On Mercury's *! Viva! Vaughan*, the girl with the golden voice is singing smoothly and tunefully as of yore. There's a Latin mood this time out, as the album title indicates, although the Latin mood is merely pasted on such tunes as "Shiny Stockings," "Taste of Honey" and "Stompin' At The Savoy." Sarah's version of "The Boy From Ipanema" is worthy of the Brazilians, and her "Corcovado" would please Joao Gilberto. She is disappointing on "Fever," surprisingly so; but her rendition of "Night Song" from *Golden Boy* is worth the price of the album alone. A great performance: the voice and the melody and the lyrics all blend perfectly. Other tunes are "Avalon," "Tea For Two," "Mr. Lucky" and "Fascinating Rhythm." This is a Quincy Jones production, which says something—as usual—for its quality, and the music is arranged and conducted by Frank Foster, and ably.



Time was when the name Sammy Davis Jr. on a record album meant a pleasant half hour or so of imitations of well-known singers. Now, of course, Mr. Davis is a distinguished singer in his own right. A distinguished singer, but not yet a stylist, and so his singing is usually satisfying but seldom exciting. This, despite his phenomenal energy and talent. But Mr. Davis' special brand of energy and talent is more visual than aural, and something is lost on the disc. However, there are certain tunes which lend themselves especially to Mr. Davis' intense attack, and "Choose" on the album *Sammy Davis Jr. Sings The Big Ones For Young Lovers* (Reprise) is ideally suited for the Davis approach. "Not For Me" comes across because of the witty mounting and the fruggy beat, laced with a bit of gospel; and "Walk Right In" is successful for much the same reasons. The album title is something of a misnomer. What have tunes like "Kansas City" and "Don't Shut Me Out" and "I Wanna Be Around" to do with "young lovers"? For Sammy Davis Jr. fans, this is more of the singing-dancing master.



Vic Damone is a singer who seems to have everything: good voice, fine phrasing, intelligence, a feeling for lyrics. He tackles a tune with assurance, keeping always in his element, which is the area of the beautiful ballad, the delightful show-tune, the lovely love song. He is a safe bet for satisfaction. And yet, Vic Damone is not one of the nation's most favorite vocalists. Why?—The answer is elusive, but part of it may lie in that mystical entity called "personality." Damone, with all his outstanding attributes, is lacking in the "personality" derby. Which would be okay ordinarily, but it affects his fame; and Vic Damone ought to be a far more famous singer. On the Capitol album, *On The Street Where You Live*, the talented Mr. Damone gives out with such favorites as "Maria," "I Am In Love," "Tonight," "I Could Write A Book," "Till There Was You," "She Loves Me," "The Sound of Music," "Lost In The Stars," "Younger Than Springtime" and, of course, the title tune of the album. They're all done very well indeed, and "Lost In The Stars" and "I Am In Love" are done exceptionally well. But lightning does not strike. Perhaps it is enough that here is a good, solid, dependable singer, always a joy. Perhaps. . . .

Perspectives

BY HOYT W. FULLER

Salute On An Anniversary



MRS. FRANCES L. BAILEY

It was two years ago this month that some 250,000 Americans of all races and religions dramatized their impatience with the nation's continuing toleration of racist practices by descending on Washington, D. C., and staging the most moving mass march in the nation's history. The Negro Revolt of the Sixties, which actually had begun many months prior to the March on Washington, was for all practical purposes officially launched and proclaimed on that sunny, inspiring August day in 1963. Since then, of course, the Revolt has spread, quickened, taken on new dimensions and new subtleties and, in fact, influenced a whole generation of Amer-

icans toward active participation in altering the *status quo*, in persuading the powerful and the prejudiced of the error (and evil) of their ways.

If the bright-eyed, hypocrisy-hating youths of the country can be said to represent the embodiment of the Negro Revolt, then, we think that the lady pictured on the back cover of this month's magazine exemplifies the travail and weariness and, yes, triumph of the generations which preceded them, those whose long, hard, bitter struggle brought the Negro youths now on the picket lines to this crucial moment. That lady—now deceased—was Mrs. Frances L. Bailey of Bayside, Long Island, New York.

The late Mrs. Bailey was a leading member of the Community Baptist Church in Bayside, serving as chaplain of the Willing Workers Club and as usher at the time of her death in September 1964, just over a year after she was photographed so memorably in Washington. A fellow church member, Mrs. L. Perry, reported that Mrs. Bailey "was just about the oldest person to leave Bayside for the March" and that "we Baysiders consider her our unique contribution to the Freedom March."

To Mrs. Beatriz Thompson of Bayside, Mrs. Bailey was much more than a pillar of strength in the community and the church. Mrs. Bailey was her mother. From Mrs. Thompson, NEGRO DIGEST learned the general facts of Mrs. Bailey's life. She was born around 1890 (the date was uncertain) in Smithfield, Va., and lived in that area until 1948 when she and

her husband (Mrs. Thompson's father) moved North to live with Mrs. Thompson. Mr. Bailey died earlier, but Mrs. Bailey continued to serve the Community Baptist Church, abandoning her missionary work only after her many roles began to take a toll on her energies.

"She had a will and a determination all her own," Mrs. Thompson said. "She was set in her mind to go to Washington, even though she had been very ill and was not too well that day. Many people tried to talk her out of going, but she went . . . She was a go-er and a do-er until the very end."

We did not know these facts of Mrs. Bailey's life when we first published her picture on the back cover of the December 1964 NEGRO DIGEST, but we felt they were etched in her face. For us, Mrs. Bailey represented all the profound strength and courage and weariness characteristic of those Negro women who have been forced to bear an unequal share of the burden of the race's advance against brutality and oppression. And, on the second anniversary of that great day in Washington, we proudly salute her in behalf of that legion whose lives have paralleled hers.



A Rape of Art Remembered

Seven years can make a great deal of difference in the life of a nation, just as it can in the life of a man.

It was just seven years ago that the first of the French-speaking nations of West Africa was born—Guinea,

[*\(Continued on page 82\)*](#)



Guinean Art: *Though the work pictured above shows the influence of commercialism, the skill of the artist is of a high order.*

BOOKS



NOTED

In reading much of Ralph Ellison's collection of essays, critiques and occasional pieces, *Shadow And Act* (Random House \$5.95), we kept thinking of Ralph Waldo Emerson's statement on action back in 1837 (*The American Scholar*). Wrote Mr. Emerson: "Action is with the scholar subordinate, but is essential. Without it he is not yet man. Without it thought can never ripen into truth . . . Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without the heroic mind. The preamble of thought, the transition through which it passes from the unconscious to the conscious, is action." We thought of this not because of anything Mr. Ellison says in *Shadow And Act* necessarily, but because of what he keeps saying in interviews and pronouncements before *white* audiences. Mr. Ellison is highly critical of *Negro* writers who choose to attack racial inequity head-on rather than "artistically," although he never speaks *directly* to *Negro* writers about this. Critic Irving Howe of *Dissent* magazine took Mr. Ellison to task for his above-it-all pose relative to the racial conflict, and one of Mr. Ellison's more eloquent essays in *Shadow And Act* is his answer to Mr. Howe. Mr. Ellison resents the implication that, because he is a *Negro*, he should be lumped together with the likes of the late Richard Wright (and there's a point there), but he seems to resent most the assumption that, because he is a *Negro*, he suffered similar indignities as those experienced by Wright and that he should have responded to them similarly. Well, some people scream when they are stabbed, and others say, politely, "Oh, you have just done a dastardly act, such as villains perform all over the world." Universal reaction, you know: anybody can get stabbed. Mr. Ellison made it clear to Mr. Howe that he prefers to be associated literarily with the late William Faulkner, the Mississippi white novelist who certainly had no qualms about taking action in the racial conflict. Despite his humane feelings about *Negroes*, Mr. Faulkner minced no words declaring that, if the proverbial push came to shove, he would be out



VAN DYKE



HARE



WRIGHT



APPLEMAN

there in the Delta shooting niggers along with all the other racists. He understood that, however subordinate, "action is essential," as Ralph Waldo Emerson stated. But then, as Mr. Ellison continually points out, he is concerned with being an "artist," and Mr. Emerson was writing about "scholars," who may not be so classified in Mr. Ellison's scheme of things. One does not know. And Mr. Ellison is an artist. The best essays in *Shadow And Act* offer all the evidence that is needed. The book might well serve as a kind of manual for young writers concerned with the art of writing, even if all that artistic approach sometimes is wasted on making points that need no making. Mr. Ellison proves his wit and malice in a couple of sallies aimed at Mr. Howe, one of which suggests that Mr. Howe, a gentleman of Semitic lineage, might spend a little less energy on the problems of Negroes and more on the problems of his own group. But doubt lingers. Why spend all that effort in rebuttal if right is on his side? The great disservice of Mr. Ellison's attitude toward the struggle against racism may be in his strain toward "universality." A white critic, who said that his forebears were slaveholders, took the occasion of a review of Mr. Ellison's book to thank Mr. Ellison for not blaming him for the sins of his fathers, as so many Negro authors (shades of Jimmy Baldwin!) are doing these days. Mr. Ellison, the critic indicated, had helped him off the hook. No need to feel responsible for the degradation of Negroes. It's just the way life is. Universal, you know.—HWF



It is always refreshing when a book states in its introduction what it intends to do and then proceeds to do just that. The books *Spanish Harlem* by Patricia Cayo Sexton (\$4.95, Harper and Row) and *Urban Desegregation* by L. K. Northwood and Ernest Barth (\$3.95 University of Washington Press) are just such books. *Spanish Harlem* ". . . undertakes to draw a rather detailed portrait of . . . what a slum looks like. And . . . to identify problems and solutions in the slum." The author has in fact done a very good job of showing the reader the anatomy of the slums. The book is not, however, concerned with description in a prose sense, but concerns itself with laying bare the basic structure of the slums of East Harlem. For example, she omits detailed descriptions of the streets, alleys and avenues, with their distinctive smells and looks. Instead she relates *how* the alleys and streets became the kind of places they are.

(Continued on page 88)

Throughout the whole book there is always the plaguing question in back of the reader's mind, "How can things be so wretched in the richest city, in the richest country in the world?" Somewhere in all of this sordidness there is morality and compassion gone mad and/or on holiday. There are just two alternatives. First, the society at large can take a *real* interest in these people and help the people of the slums to help themselves. This basically involves education, real education, not "slum education." It also means giving them things of value to possess and to believe in. Simply—it means giving them the same chance in life that Americans at large assume naturally to be theirs.

The second alternative is that which is being developed by most of the civil rights and protest organizations that have now moved into the political action vacuum of the slums. This alternative is political power

Lily Black Blonde From Wig Haven Among The Urinals

Grotesque in your abominable Beauty,
You give the lie to synthetics
And with your sponge and pail
Play the role
Of doing what you're told
Great eyes see nothing
Behold no labyrinth, no maze
Great ears that hear nothing—
Only hands that do
And feet which serve to carry through
The blinding haze.
No mirror, no action
Can teach or define
The need, nurturing force
To fill the vacuum being
Or link the umbilical line
To what you will not know as seeing.
The Age of Reason,
Much scholarized for rationality
Flourished while elegant
Slave ships splashed away at sea.
You move among the urinals
With the chlorinated mop
Till time presses a button
Marked "lunch," "rest," "stop"
Tuesdays at two till six, you are
Fueled, found good
For more, and polished
Like antique maple wood.

The drama wears you.
It was all here long before
Your entrance: therefore the stage,
Nor the part will
Be to you a cause for rage,
Or else a stroke of master mocking skill.

—JULIA FIELDS



A Tale Out of Childhood

THE DAY THE WORLD

CAME TO AN END

BY PEARL CRAYTON

"They'd look at me in my nightgown running down the road as fast as a scared rabbit"

IF YOU haven't had the world coming to an end on you when you're twelve years old and a sinner, you don't know how lucky you are!

When it happened to me it scared the living daylights and some of the joy of sinning out of me and, in a lot of other ways, messed up my life altogether. But if I am to believe Ralph Waldo Emerson's "Compensation," I guess I got some good out of it too.

The calamity befell me back in 1936. We were living on a plantation in Louisiana at the time, close

to the earth and God, and all wrapped up in religion. The church was the axis around which plantation life revolved, the Mother to whom the folks took their problems, the Teacher who taught them how the Lord wanted them to live, the Chastiser who threatened the sinful with Hell.

In spite of the fact that my parents were church-going Christians, I was still holding on to being a sinner. Not that I had anything against religion, it was just a matter of integrity. There was an old plantation custom that, in order to be baptized into the church, a sinner had to "get religion," a mystical experience in which the soul of the sinner was converted into Christian. A Christian had to live upright, and I knew I just couldn't come up to that on account of there were too many delicious sins around to get into. But a world coming to an end can be pretty hard on a sinner.

The trouble began when my cousin Rena came upon me playing in the watermelon patch, running like the devil was behind her. I was making a whole quarter of mud cabins by packing dirt over my foot in the shape of a cabin, putting a chimney on top, then pulling my foot out. The space left by my foot formed the room of the cabin. I'd broken some twigs off chinaberry and sycamore trees which I planted in the ground around the cabins to make "trees." Some blooming wild flowers that

I had picked made up a flower yard in front of each cabin. It was as pretty a sight as you ever want to see before she came stepping all over everything. I let her know I didn't like it real loud, but she didn't pay what I said any attention, she just blurted out, "The end of the world is coming Saturday; you better go get you some religion in a hurry!"

That was on a Friday afternoon, getting late.

A picture of Hell flashed across my mind but I pushed it back into the subconscious. "The world's NOT coming to an end!" The confidence I tried to put in my voice failed, it quaked a little. "Who told you the world is coming to an end?"

"I heard mama and Miss Daya talking about it just now. There's going to be an eclipse Sunday. You know what an eclipse is, don't you?"

I didn't know but I nodded anyhow.

"That's when the sun has a fight with the moon. If the sun whips, the world goes on; if the moon whips, then the world comes to an end. Well, they say that Sunday the moon is going to whip the sun!"

I wasn't going to be scared into giving up my sinning that easily. "How do they know the moon is going to whip?" I asked.

"They read it in the almanac. And it's in the Bible too, in Revelation. It says in Revelation that the world is supposed to end this year.

Miss Daya is a missionary sister and she knows all about things like that."

"Nobody knows anything about Revelation, my daddy says so," I rebutted. "Ain't never been nobody born smart enough to figure out Revelation since that Mister John wrote it. He's just going to have to come back and explain it himself."

She acted like she didn't hear that. "And Reverend Davis said in church last Sunday that time is winding up," she said.

"He's been saying that for years now, and time hasn't wound up yet."

"That's what I know, he's been saying it for years, and all the while he's been saying it time's been winding right along, and now it's just about all wound up!"

That made sense to me and I began to consider that maybe she could be right. Then that Miss Daya happened by.

"Lord bless you down there on your knees, baby! Pray to the Lord 'cause it's praying time!"

I hadn't gotten up from where I'd been making mud cabins, but I jumped up quick to let her know I wasn't praying.

"Both of you girls got religion?" she asked, and without waiting for an answer, "That's good. You're both big girls, big enough to go to Hell. You all be glad you all got religion 'cause the Lord is coming soon! He said he was coming and he's coming SOON!" And she went

on towards our cabin before I could ask her about the world ending Sunday.

Rena just stood there and looked at me awhile, shaking her head in an, "I told you so," and advised me again to get some religion in a hurry. Then she ran off to warn someone else.

Although I was a sinner, I was a regular-church-going sinner and at our church we had a hell-fire preaching pastor. He could paint pictures of Hell and the Devil in his sermons horrible enough to give a sinner a whole week of nightmares. Nobody with a dime's worth of sense wanted to go to a hot, burning Hell where a red, horned Devil tormented folks with a pitchfork, but I'd been taking a chance on enjoying life another 30 years or so before getting some religion—getting just enough to keep me out of Hell. I hadn't figured on time running out on me so soon, and I still wasn't taking anybody's word about the world coming to an end before asking my daddy about it first. But it was plowing time and daddy was way back in the corn field where I'd already run across a rattlesnake, so I figured even the world coming to an end could wait until suppertime.

I went around the rest of that day with my mind loaded down. Now I didn't exactly believe that the world was coming to an end, but I didn't exactly believe it wasn't either. About two years before, I'd went and read the worst part of

Revelation and it had taken my daddy two weeks to convince me that I didn't understand what I had read, which still didn't keep me from having bad dreams about the moon dripping away in blood and a lot of other distressing visions aroused from misunderstood words.

Those dreams were only a vague and frightening memory the Friday I'm talking about, and Revelation an accepted mystery. Yet things like that have a way of sneaking back on you when you need it the least. I got to "supposing" the world did come to an end with earthquakes and hail and fire raining down from the sky and stars falling, exactly like it read in Revelation, and "supposing" the Devil got after me and took me to Hell like folks on the plantation said he would, and "supposing" Hell really and truly was as horrible as the preacher said it was. The way the preacher told it, in Hell a person got burned and burned and burned and never got all burned up and died, he just kept on burning, burning, burning. With "supposing" like that going through it, my mind was really loaded down! I figured there was no use talking to mama about what was bothering me because that Miss Daya had stayed at our cabin for over an hour, and I was sure she had convinced mama that the moon was going to whip the sun.

It seemed to me like it took daddy longer than ever to come

home. It was the Friday of Council Meeting at the church, and daddy, a deacon, had to be there. I knew he wouldn't have much time to talk to me before he'd have to leave out for the church, so I started walking up the turnrow through the fields to meet him. When I finally saw him riding towards home on his slide I ran to meet him.

Daddy always hitched a plank under his plow to keep the plow blades from cutting up the turnrow when he came home from plowing the fields. The plank, which we called a slide, was long enough behind the plow for him to stand on and ride home, pulled by his plow horse. Whenever I ran to meet him he'd let me ride home with him on the slide.



"Daddy," I said as soon as he'd put me on the slide in front of him and "gee'd" the horse to go on, "is the world going to come to an end Sunday?"

"I don't know, Honey," he replied. "Why do you want to know?"

I told him about Rena's prophecy. That really tickled him! He laughed and laughed like that was the funniest thing he'd ever heard! I laughed a little too, though I didn't get the joke in it.

"There's always somebody coming around prophesying that the world's coming to an end," he said after he'd laughed himself out. "Folks been doing that ever since

I was a boy, they were doing it when my daddy was a boy, when my grand-daddy was a boy, aw, they've been doing that for hundreds and hundreds of years and the world is still here. Don't you ever pay any attention to anybody that comes around telling you the world is going to end, baby."

"But ain't the world *ever* going to end?" I wanted to know.

"Yeah, but don't anybody know when. Only the Lord knows that. Why, the world might not end for another thousand years, then again it might end tonight, we just don't know. . ."

"TONIGHT! You mean the world might end TONIGHT!"

"Sure. I'm not saying it will but it could. A person never can tell about a thing like that. But if you let that bother you, why you'll be scared to death every day of your life looking for the world to end. You're not going to be that silly, are you?"

"Aw, shucks no," I lied. I was that silly. Right then and there I got to looking for the world to end, right there on the *spot*!

Like anybody expecting a calamity, I decided to sit up all night that night but mama made me go to bed. My room was full of the plantation night, the darkest of darkness. Before daddy returned from church mama put out the coal oil lamp and went to bed.

The lazy old moon was on its vacation again; there was no light anywhere, not a speck. Although

my eyes couldn't see anything in that awful dark, my mind had always been very good at seeing things in the dark that weren't there. I got to "seeing" how it was going to be when the world ended, the whole drama of it paraded right before my mind. Then my imagination marched me up before the judgment seat to give account for my past sins and I tried to figure out how much burning I'd get for each offense. Counting up all the ripe plums and peaches I'd saved from going to waste on the neighbors' trees, neglecting to get the owners' permission, the fights I'd had with that sassy little Catherine who lived across the river, the domino games I'd played for penny stakes with my sinner-cousin, Sam, the times I'd handled the truth careless enough to save myself from a whipping, and other not so holy acts, I figured I'd be in for some real hot burning.



While I lay there in that pitch black darkness worrying myself sick about burning in Hell, a distant rumbling disturbed the stillness of the night, so faint that at first I wasn't sure I'd heard it. I sat up in the bed, straining my ears listening. Sure enough there was a rumbling, far away. The rumbling wasn't thunder, I was sure of that because thunder rumbled, then died away, but this rumbling grew louder and louder and LOUDER. A slow moving terrible loud rumbling that was to my scared mind

the earth quaking, the sky caving in, the world ending!

I got out of there, I got out of there *fast*! I didn't even think about being dressed only in my nightgown or the awful dark outside being full of ghosts and bogey-men and other horrors, I just ran!

"The world is ending! The world is ending! Run! Run for your life!" I shouted a warning to mama, and I just kept on hollering as I ran down the road past the other plantation cabins. "The world is ending! The world is ending! Run! Run for your life!"

Doors opened and folks came out on the cabin porches, some holding coal oil lamps in their hands. They'd look at me in my white nightgown running down the road as fast as a scared rabbit, then look up at the sky, rumbling like it was caving in, and a few of them hollered something at me as I passed by, but I couldn't make out what any of them said.

I might have run myself plumb to the ocean or death if daddy and some other deacons hadn't been coming up the road on their way from church. Daddy caught me. He had a hard time holding me though. The fear of the Devil and Hell was stronger in me than reason. I was dead set on escaping them.

Daddy had heard my hollering about the world ending as I ran down the road towards them, so he kept telling me, "That's just an old airplane, Honey, the world's not ending. That's just an old airplane making all that racket!"

When his words got through the fear that fogged my mind I calmed down a bit. "Airplane?" I'd only heard about airplanes, never had I seen one or heard one passing by.

Daddy laughed. "You were just about out-running that old airplane and keeping up almost as much racket!" He pointed toward's the sky. "Look up there, you see, it's gone now. See that light moving towards town? That's it. Those old airplanes sure have scared a lot of folks with all that racket they make."

I looked up. Sure enough there was a light that looked like a star moving across the sky. The rumbling was way off in the distance, going away slowly like it had come. And the sky was *whole*, not a piece of it had caved in! I broke down and cried because I was so relieved that the world wasn't coming to an end, because I'd been so scared for so long, because I'd made such a fool of myself, and just because.

Daddy pulled off his suit coat and wrapped it around me to hide the shame of my nightgown from the deacons. After I'd had a real good cry we walked home.

As we walked up the ribbon of road bordering the plantation on our way home I felt a new kind of happiness inside of me. The yellow squares of light shining from the black shapes of the plantation cabins outlined against the night made a picture that looked beautiful to me for the first time. Even the chirping of the crickets

sounded beautiful, like a new song I'd never heard before. Even the darkness was beautiful, everything was beautiful. And I was alive, I felt the life within me warming me from the inside, a happy feeling I'd never had before. And the world was there all around me, I was

aware of it, aware of all of it, full of beauty, full of happy things to do. Right then and there I was overwhelmed with a desire to *live*, really *live* in the world and enjoy as much of it as I could before it came to an end. And I've been doing so ever since.



Pearl Crayton, author of the tale, "The Day The World Came To An End," until recently was editor of the Alexander (La.) News Leader, a weekly newspaper that is one of a chain in the state. She has written series of articles on pioneer Louisiana Negroes and leading Negro citizens of the state. She also has published several stories of the "confession" type. Since resigning from the newspaper last January, Mrs. Crayton has concentrated on serious writing and hopes to win a fellowship to enable her to complete a book project.

The Second Adam

I saw a colonnade of trees
And was I dreaming?
Heavy with leaves
And green as May
Grass or greener,
Wrapped in a sky,
World round, and
Blue as purple.

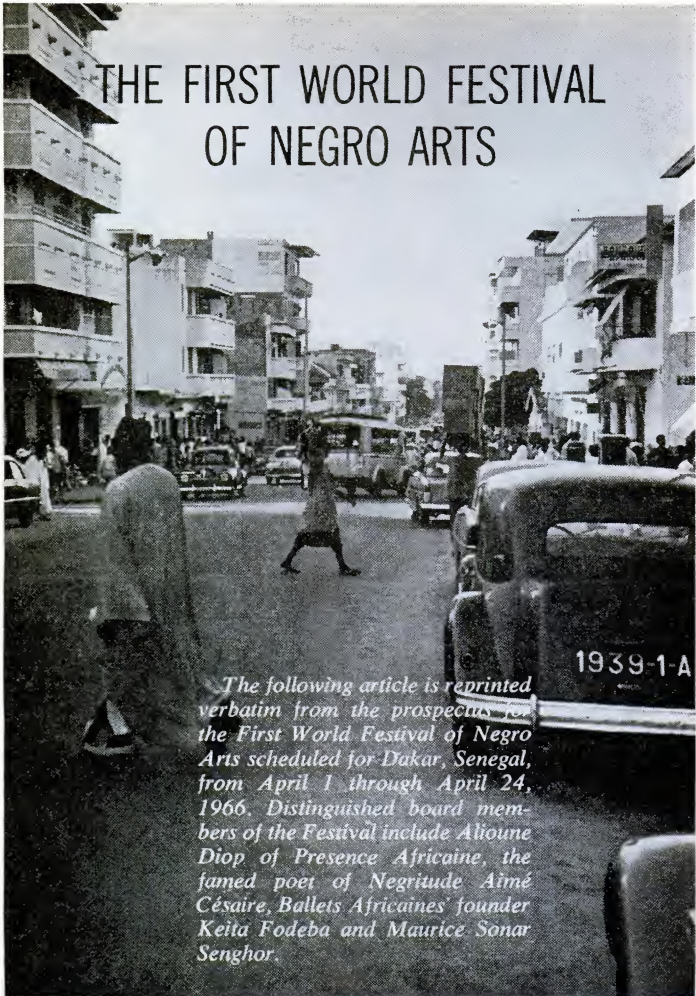
The chirping birds
Were friendly
As hands of healers
And along this
Fertile ground
Green grass grew
Lush and warming.
Rabbits and tigers played
Side by furry side
And docile snakes crawled
Quietly on their journey.
The only sun was
The soft, slow
Flow of dawn
Seeping through the
Thick green foliage.

A place of Eden, perhaps
Without a soul save Adam,
This planet earth
No doubt was given
A chance for seconds.
"Why me?" I asked,
"Why me this other Adam?"

I stood astounded
Feeling my Eve's rib
Strangely,
I walked to stay awake
Amidst this May green spreading,
Fighting this sleep forever
And holding my Eve's
Rib only.

—ZACK GILBERT

THE FIRST WORLD FESTIVAL OF NEGRO ARTS



The following article is reprinted verbatim from the prospectus for the First World Festival of Negro Arts scheduled for Dakar, Senegal, from April 1 through April 24, 1966. Distinguished board members of the Festival include Alioune Diop of Presence Africaine, the famed poet of Negritude Aimé Césaire, Ballets Africaines' founder Keita Fodeba and Maurice Sonar Senghor.

Street Scene: In downtown Dakar, capital city of the Republic of Senegal, apartments with balconies overlook street crowded with shops



Public Building: *The Palace of Justice is one of a complex of modern government buildings in the center of the West African city*

A major event in cultural annals will take place in April, 1966 when the first World festival of Negro art opens in the West African nation of Senegal. Always a rich source of inspiration to the rest of the world, politically independent Africa, in the words of Senegal's poet-president Leopold Sedar Senghor, "must now take its rightful place as a creator of culture . . . and the Festival will mark the formal opening of this new era."

Negro artists from nations the world over will join their African brothers to present for the first time, as a cultural entity, the powerful and vivid contribution of the Negro to our life and times. The art of the Negro in non-African countries, particularly in entertainment, is comparatively well known although he has also enriched our heritage in less-publicized domains.

Still almost unknown to the public-at-large are the African creative artists, the writers, the painters, the sculptors, the actors, the dancers, the film-makers, the skilled craftsmen. Senegal's Festival will bring to the world stage the best of Negro talents.

Scheduled to be held biennially, the World festival of Negro arts has four aims:

- To advance international and interracial understanding;
- To permit Negro artists throughout the world to return periodically to the sources of their art;

- To make known the contributions of what President Senghor has termed “negritude”, a Negro’s pride in his race and a recognition of the Negro’s unique creative ability based on his African heritage;
- To make it possible for Negro artists to meet and demonstrate their talents to publishers, impresarios, film producers and other members of the international art world, who can provide them with the necessary outlets.

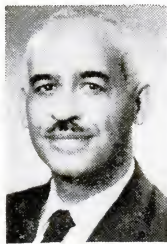
The beautiful city of Dakar (375,000), with its miles of Atlantic coastline and white sand beaches, parks, squares and modern buildings, will provide one of the settings for this artistic “first”, with other Senegalese cities proudly joining the capital as co-hosts. Dakar is the capital of the Republic of Senegal (3,073,000), located on the west coast of Africa, and independent since 1961. Dakar is the crossroad that links Europe, America and the whole of Africa, a first rate port of call of intercontinental jets.

The government of the Republic of Senegal, anxious to foster the Festival, has decided to place at the disposal of the Festival’s sponsors, all necessary installations and covered surfaces to shelter all the exhibits, i.e.:

- A new theater seating 1,500;
- A new air-conditioned museum specially constructed for temporary exhibition;
- A recently built stadium of 15,000 seats;
- Numerous hotels some of which have been specially built to be ready for the Festival;
- A huge port capable of harbouring numerous ships on cruises;
- Numerous different public buildings which will be



POITIER



COOK



O'NEAL



BUNCHE

converted so as to shelter different exhibitions or shows.

From the world's museums, master pieces of Negro art, ranging from the bronzes of Benin to the royal Bakuba wood carvings of the Congo, will be shown in one collection.

Organized and mounted by UNESCO experts especially assigned to the Festival by the world agency, the theme of the exhibit will be the motives and contrasts of Negro art.

A second art exhibit, grouping works selected by participating states will embrace contemporary sculpture, painting, gouache, and engraving arts, illustrated books and tapestries. First prizes will be awarded in each category and a Grand Prize for the outstanding work in contemporary plastic arts will be the climax of the exhibit. An information and art exhibition will be entirely devoted to the African State appointed as the "star-state".

For the first Festival the managing committee has given this position of guest of honour to the Republic of Nigeria.

A comprehensive exhibit of the Negro's contribution to literature will conclude with a grand prize for the following:

- The best novel by a Negro author;
- The best collection of poetry, by a Negro poet;
- The best essay by a Negro writer;
- The finest work on the subject of Negro art, open to journalists of all races;
- The best reporting on the Negro world, open to journalists of all races;
- The best scientific or historic work by a Negro author;
- The best play by a Negro playwright.

The Negro's role in music will be recognized through prizes offered to the finest recordings of jazz, Negro spirituals, traditional and religious



AILEY



PRICE



DEPAUR



WARFIELD

African chants, African, Afro-Brazilian, Afro-Cuban and West Indian music for both group and solo performances.

Series of film showings, including education art and scientific documentaries, created by and about Negroes will be exhibited with prizes awarded to:

- The outstanding Negro director;
- The outstanding Negro actor;
- The outstanding Negro actress;
- The outstanding scenario by a non-Negro which most faithfully renders the Negro world;
- The best film on Negro art, open to all races;
- The best educational film on Africa;
- The best scientific documentary.

The grand prize in each film category will be a gold incrustated ebony antelope. Runners-up will receive similar statuettes decorated in silver.

A series of religious concerts by African choirs and by singers of Negro spirituals from America will be given in various places in the open air and in the cathedral of Dakar.

The most sensational part of the Festival will be the performance of ballets, music and plays each night at the National Theater Daniel Sorano (1,500 seats) and which will be the subject of a repeat performance next day for the general public in the municipal stadium. These galas will consist among others of:

- 6 national African ballet-companies;
- 2 Afro-Caribbean ballet-companies or orchestras;
- 3 groups or soloists of the U. S. Negro;
- African poetry and music galas;
- 2 theater evenings.

During the course of the Festival, leading world figures in the arts will meet in Senegal for an international conference on Negro art. Visitors will get an entertaining look at historical and contemporary Africa in a series of special Festival features. Among them will be:

Spectacles of "Sound and Light" against authentic backgrounds, brilliantly recreating events in African history in the fabled offshore isle Goree. Canoe racing on Senegalese waterways—an unforgettable sight as scores of paddlers rhythmically sweep the waters at astonishing speeds; in Saint-Louis.

A special presentation at the artisans' village of Soumbédioune on the outskirts of Dakar working in thatched huts typical of many African villages. Soumbédioune's weavers, woodworkers and jewellers are famous along the West African coast for the high standard and beauty of their handicrafts.

Trips to Senegalese villages with glimpses into typical local ways of life, such as those of the net-weaving fishermen of Cayar.

Performances of Folklore African music and dancing in the lovely hut villages of Joal and M'Boro.

Festival sponsors are the Senegalese government, UNESCO and the Society for African Culture.

Overall responsibility for the Festival rests with a specially-constituted body known as the Association for the World Festival of Negro Arts whose President is Mr. Alioune Diop, leading African intellectual and editor of *Presence Africaine*, a publication widely regarded as the outstanding cultural voice of Africa.

The Association, whose head office is maintained in Dakar, P.O. Box 3201, is a non-profit group which, in accordance with its by-laws, will turn over any Festival profits to a fund for needy African artists.

Sponsors and the Association have arranged to make available to the Festival ancient African masterpieces and the works of contemporary Negro artists, as chosen by participating governments. The latter will assume the cost of transporting the works of art to Senegal as well as the artists traveling expenses.

After approving the composition of each nation's representative entries, the Association will underwrite the cost of the lodging, maintenance and local transportation in Senegal of both artists and material during their stay in Senegal; an obligation undertaken from the time of arrival at Dakar's Yoff airport until departure from the same point. Artists fees, transport (including equipment) expenses from their own country to the Republic of Senegal will be paid by their own government.

In order to support the Association, whose enormous task is to organize and promote the Festival, everyone anxious for its success is asked to express his interest by subscribing to Association membership in any one of the following categories:

	CFAFr	Dollars
Benefactor's life membership	200,000	800
Benefactors annual membership	10,000	40
Regular life membership	20,000	80
Regular annual membership	1,000	4

The above categories are provided for the public at large, and the generous but budgeted patron of the arts.

One may also help the Festival Association, by joining the Committees which are now existing in various countries. (See Note at end of article)

The Association hopes to receive subsidies from the participating states and grants from the important international Foundations to cover the greater part of its estimated cost—\$2,000,000 for permanent equipment

and buildings, and \$500,000 for the structures, mounting and maintenance of each Festival.

Twentieth-century Negroes, forged in the struggle for independence and recognition, are creating dynamic expressions of their life and people, in literature, painting and music; and the potential creativity of unfettered artists is limitless. The variety and brilliance of these contributions will continue to enrich the lives of all of us. It is a Festival goal to ensure that the accomplished artists and those in the making are encouraged to their fullest, freest statement. We look to you to help make this possible.

Request for information or membership together with subscriptions should be sent to:

General secretariat of the World Festival of Negro Art
Avenue du Barachois, Dakar, Republic of Senegal,
Post Office Box 3201

In addition, it is possible to obtain information from:
Bookshop "Presence Africaine", 25 bis, rue des Ecoles,
Paris 5, France;

From all the diplomatic missions of the Republic of Senegal.



U.S. Committee: Chairman of the American Committee is Mrs. H. Alwynn Inness-Brown (left); John A. Davis, AMSAC president, is co-chairman; and Marian Anderson is vice chairman of the committee's board of directors.

About the American Committee of the World Festival of Negro Arts

The United States Committee of the First World Festival of Negro Arts was formed a year ago under the chairmanship of Mrs. H. Alwynn Inness-Brown, with John A. Davis, president of the American Society of African Culture, as co-chairman. The committee's headquarters, at least temporarily, are in the AMSAC offices at 15 E. 40 Street, New York, N. Y. 10016.

Last May, the American committee announced a list of honorary members. Adlai Stevenson, late Permanent Representative of the U. S. to the United Nations, was named as chairman, with Ralph Bunche, Mercer Cook, G. Mennen Williams, Alvin Ailey, Marian Anderson, Fred O'Neal, Leontyne Price, Sidney Poitier, Hale Woodruff, Charles Alston, Ossie Davis, Leonard dePaur, Duke Ellington,

Langston Hughes, Arthur Mitchell and William Warfield among the honorary members.

Working committees include many of the above-mentioned individuals, and altogether more than 100 personages active in the general field of the arts have been enlisted to assist in sending representative Negro artists and art to the Festival next spring.

The committee has set a budget of \$600,000 to cover the costs of preparing and transporting artists and their work to the Festival, and private citizens, institutions, organizations, foundations, and businesses are being asked to contribute. Donations are tax-deductible.

More information on the Festival and the plans of the American committee will appear in the next issue of NEGRO DIGEST.



'The Only Way'

"... The only way of helping the enslaved out there is to take sides with those who are here..."—Jean Paul Sartre in *Situations*



A Short Story

INCIDENT ON A BUS

BY DUDLEY RANDALL

He was just a shabby little Negro, and while he may have been dirty, it would never have occurred to anyone that he also was dangerous

AFTER the demonstrations, the arrests, the trials and the negotiations, the city administration reluctantly agreed to desegregate the buses. But the Ku Klux Klan threatened to picket—and the Citizens Group to boycott—the buses, and Jones' editor told him to ride one and get the story.

Jones entered a bus and took a seat at the back, so as to have a good view of all the passengers. The bus was passing through a Negro area which encircled the downtown district. Almost half the passengers were Negroes. There was no tension, but an air of expectancy, in the bus.

Jones realized that it was up to the Negroes to integrate the bus. The whites were not going to sit in the back, which bore the stigma of being the worst place. Strange, he thought, in a train or an airplane the Jim Crow place was the front, while in a bus it was the back.

The Negroes were proceeding to

integrate the bus. A couple got on and sat down directly behind the driver, and there were others scattered through the front and the middle. They avoided sitting next to whites. They sat next to each other or took vacant seats.

As the bus passed through Skid Row, a little nondescript Negro man got on. He was the sort you'd see and never remember. He wore nondescript clothes and had nondescript features which you'd forget as soon as you saw them.

He peered around for a seat, saw one next to an elderly white man, and sat down in it. The man had been hogging his seat, sitting almost in the middle, perhaps to discourage any Negro from sitting next to him, and the new passenger had to sit half in the aisle. To get more room, he slid closer to the old man. He did not move over, but turned around and stared angrily at the Negro. The Negro kept on pushing and leaned close against him. He glared at the little man with the most virulent hate in his thin face and pale blue eyes that Jones had ever seen. Even Jones was seared with the malignancy of it. Hell, he thought, that look is enough to melt a brass monkey. Will that little fellow have enough guts to keep on?

Apparently he did, for he kept on pushing vigorously and pressing close to the occupant. All at once

the old man yielded and jerked sideways and pressed stiffly against the window, his face jammed against the glass as if he were trying to move as far as possible from the hated presence of the Negro.

Well, that little fellow had the nerve not to give up, Jones thought, even though the old man is hating his guts for sitting next to him. Hurrah for you, little man.

But the little man seemed not to enjoy his victory. He squirmed uncomfortably on the seat. He peered around furtively, and after a couple of stops he scampered to the door and skipped off the bus, a dun-colored little mouse, so timid and insignificant looking that you only half glanced at him and forgot him as soon as you saw him.

The old man remained in the same position, jammed against the side of the bus with his face pressed against the pane.

He must have asked the driver to call his stop, for two or three blocks farther on the driver called a street loudly and looked in his mirror at the man. When he did not get up, the driver walked back to him and said, "Here's your stop."

He did not answer and the driver touched his shoulder. Bending over him, he touched him again, then jerked back his hand and stared at it. It was red with blood.

"Jesus Christ!" he said. "The man is dead."



Dudley Randall, the author, is a Detroit poet and librarian.

Spotlight on History

Jacob Dodson

THE OTHER PATHFINDER

BY G. M. BERGMAN

"In the real life of the Old West, a Negro youth rode on one of the most famous and fastest rides on record, lariat swinging"

OF ALL the movie and TV thrillers depicting a man galloping on a fast horse, lariat in hand, none has ever shown a Negro in that role.

Yet in the real life of the Old West, a Negro youth rode on one of the most famous and fastest rides on record, lariat swinging. His name was Jacob Dodson, and he



rode with Fremont the Pathfinder on the latter's remarkable ride from Los Angeles to Monterey during California's critical days of 1847—a ride on which Fremont and his two companions covered 840 miles of rugged country in 76 actual riding hours.

Dodson was chosen for that ride because of his skill with the lariat. Though only 22 years of age, he had been with Fremont for four years on two great exploring expeditions to the Far West, in a band which included such well-

known frontiersmen as Kit Carson and Thomas "Broken Hand" Fitzpatrick.

Dodson had taken part in the perilous crossing of the Sierras in the winter of 1844, and in many another adventure with that "band of many nations," Americans, Delaware Indians, French *voyageurs*, Canadians, and Germans, which Lieutenant John Charles Fremont assembled to chart the West for the United States Government.

In 1847, Fremont's party of 60 men had turned from exploring to seizing California from Mexico in the Mexican-American War then going on. Fremont held southern California with a title of provisional governor and headquarters at Los Angeles, while General Stephen Kearny held the north at Monterey. With only a handful of Americans under his command, and uneasy as rumors of impending revolt flew about, Fremont felt an acute need to confer with Kearny, but was loath to leave his post for long.

With characteristic imagination, Fremont hit on a novel method for a daring fast ride north, choosing as his companions his devoted friend Don Jesus Pico, a superb horseman, and the "equally devoted colored man," Jacob Dodson. Each of the party had three horses, nine in all, the riders changing mounts, riding on one and then another.

"The six loose horses ran ahead, without bridle or halter. When wanted for a change, say at a dis-

tance of twenty miles, they were caught by a lasso, thrown either by Don Jesus or Jacob, who . . . in his long expeditions with Colonel Fremont, had become as expert as a Mexican with the lasso, as sure as the mountaineer with the rifle, equal to either on horse or foot, and always a lad of courage and fidelity," according to an account in the National Intelligencer of Washington, D. C. on November 22, 1847.

"It was at daybreak on the morning of the 22nd of March," the Intelligencer report continues, "that the party set out from Los Angeles . . . The way was over mountainous country, with no other road than a trace, and many defiles to pass, particularly the Punto Gordo, made by the jutting of a precipitous mountain into the sea, and which can only be passed when the tide is out and the sea is calm . . . The towns of Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo . . . were the principal inhabited places on the route . . .

"The most usual gait was a swinging gallop. The first day they ran 125 miles, passing the San Fernando mountain and other mountains . . . The only fatigue complained of was in Jacob's right arm, made tired by throwing the lasso, and using it as a whip to keep the loose horses to the track.

"The next day they made another one hundred and twenty-five miles, passing the formidable mountain of Santa Barbara, and counting the skeletons of fifty

horses . . . which perished upon it the previous Christmas, when Fremont and the California Battalion had passed that way heading south in a raging tempest. . . .

"At night San Luis Obispo was reached, the home of Don Jesus, where an affecting reception awaited Fremont . . . He was detained until ten o'clock the following morning taking a breakfast of honor and receiving the visits of the inhabitants . . . Here the nine horses from Los Angeles were replaced by fresh mounts.

"Proceeding at the usual gait that day, Don Jesus became fatigued after seventy miles, and proposed a halt in the valley of the Salinas." For safety from marauding Indians, they chose a secluded spot off the trace, but their repose that night was disturbed by a stampede among the horses, not due to Indians, but to white bears. The bears were considered dangerous—Fremont reached for his pistols, but Don Jesus restrained him, scaring away the bears with some loud hallowing in Spanish.

"The bears went off, but sleep went off also," says the account in the *Intelligencer*, "and the recovery of the horses frightened by the bears, building a rousing fire, making a breakfast from the hospitable supplies of San Luis Obispo, occupied the party till daybreak, when the journey was resumed. Eighty miles and the afternoon brought the party to Monterey."

The return ride to Los Angeles

was covered in the same way, says author F. S. Dallenbaugh in his *Fremont And '49*, and "Fremont and his two companions rode into Los Angeles after leaving there, a total journey of 840 miles over rough country in 76 actual riding hours by the use of 18 horses, one of the most remarkable rides on record for speed and distance. The famous ride from Ghent to Aix, immortalized by the poet Browning, was barely more than the least of these eight days of Fremont." Another biographer of Fremont, Cardinal Goodwin, says, "If any one of the three deserved more credit than the others it was the Negro, Dodson, whose skill with the lasso kept the men provided with fresh horses."



Jacob Dodson was a free-born Negro whose family worked in lifelong service for the family of Fremont's wife, the Bentons. At the age of 18, he was nearly six-feet tall, and strong and active. As he had watched Fremont prepare in Washington for his first expedition in 1843, he had begged to go along. Fremont took Dodson as his personal servant, but the youth so quickly learned the ways of the frontier that he outgrew his classification.

From the first, he proved his mettle. Fremont, leaving Washington for the West, was traveling through the Pennsylvania mountains in a stagecoach with Dodson,

Charles Preuss, a mapmaker for the expedition, and Fremont's family. The driver, trying to pass a long freight wagon, "overturned us into a gully," Fremont related, and the coach lighted on its roof. "Jacob, who was on the box, was at the horses' heads before the coach reached the gully, and the wagoner's men prevented further harm from the frightened animals."

Dodson's name occurs a number of times in accounts of Fremont's explorations. Fremont, encamped on the shore of the Great Salt Lake in September 1843, with a small select group of eight, and reduced to a diet of roots while awaiting supplies, related that "for supper we had yampa, the most agreeably flavored of the roots, seasoned by a small fat duck which had come in the way of Jacob's rifle." (Next day the party explored the island in the Lake now known as Fremont Island.)

During the Fremont party's desperate crossing of the snow-covered Sierras in the dead of winter, 1844, Fremont chose Dodson as his companion to reconnoiter ahead of the main party down the west slope of the range, Fremont relates in his *Report of A Journey*. "And that night," he tells, "we encamped on the headwaters of a little creek, where at last the water found its way to the Pacific. The night was clear and very long. We heard the cries of some wild animals attracted by our fire, and these strange sounds had something pleasant to

our senses in this region of silence and desolation."

Next morning Fremont and Dodson followed the icy surface of the creek till it grew wider, so that Fremont was "satisfied we had struck the stream on which Mr. Sutter lived." He was correct. They had found the Silver Fork of the American River. Three weeks later, on March 6, 1844, an advance party of eight, including Fremont, Carson and Dodson, arrived at Sutter's Fort in what is now the city of Sacramento.

"Genial Captain John Sutter must have looked with wonder upon the emaciated ragged men he met that day," says Morgan Estergreen in his *Kit Carson, A Portrait In Courage*. "They had just accomplished something which he would have sworn could not be done, crossing the Sierra Nevada Range in the depths of winter, but that they had done so without loss of human life must have astonished him even more."

The poet John Greenleaf Whittier celebrated Fremont's achievement in his poem, "The Pass of the Sierras." So capable were the men of Fremont's party, said his wife Jessie Benton Fremont later, that "every man was a captain."

A diorama of Fremont's group arriving at the Fort is on display at the Sutter's Fort Historical Monument in Sacramento. Dodson appears as the fourth figure from the front of the party.



Equality by the Year 2022?

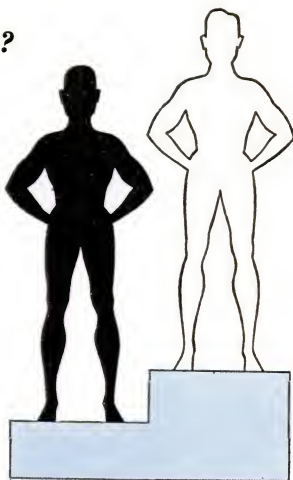
PROSPECT FOR NEGROES:

More Decades of Inferior Status

BY NORVAL D. GLENN and
LEONARD BROOM

Department of Sociology, University of Texas

(Based on material from the book, *Transformation of the American Negro*, by Norval D. Glenn and Leonard Broom, published by Harper and Row, May 1965)



“Only a massive program of education, job retraining, and occupational upgrading—on a scale far greater than any program now proposed by Negro leaders, the federal government, or any organization concerned with Negro improvement—can save the majority of Negroes from many more decades of inferior status”



IN RECENT years a great deal of publicity has been given to educational, occupational, and economic gains of Negroes in the United States. Viewed in absolute terms, these gains since the beginning of World War II have been impressive.

For example, the median years of school completed by non-whites 25 years old and older (more than 90 per cent of whom were Negroes) rose from 5.8 in 1940 to 8.2 in 1960. In 1940 only 7.6 per cent of non-white adults had completed high school, whereas 21.7 per cent had done so in 1960.

The quality of Negro education also improved substantially during this period. In 1940 only 8.5 per cent of employed Negro workers were in

white-collar or skilled manual occupations; by 1960 almost 20 per cent were employed in such work. The median wage and salary income of gainfully employed non-white males increased three-fold in constant (1962) dollars, from \$995 in 1939 to \$3,023 in 1962. All evidence indicates that educational, occupational, and economic progress is continuing.

Substantial though these gains may be, they have not been sufficient to forestall Negro restiveness. Expressions of Negro discontent, if not discontent itself, increased steadily (although slowly) from the end of World War II to the early 1960's, and in 1963 there was an almost explosive increase in Negro protest activity. The discontent that prompted this protest grew in large measure out of such conditions as segregation of public facilities, housing discrimination, and inequitable treatment of Negroes by police. But it was also due to dissatisfaction with the rate of progress in the basic spheres of education, occupation, and income and to a high rate of Negro unemployment during a period of unparalleled prosperity.

A major reason for Negro dissatisfaction with recent gains is that white gains have also been large, and therefore there is still a sizable gap between Negroes and whites. Although most Negroes lack precise knowledge of this gap, they perceive that it remains large, and several recent trends have sharpened the Negro's perception of his relative disadvantage, and made him more prone to measure his condition against that of whites.

For instance, skilled and white-collar occupations and good education have given many Negroes a better vantage point from which to judge their relative condition. And Negroes who have moved from all-Negro to interracial social circles have often experienced a decline in relative status and a heightened sense of deprivation.

More casual and stylized contacts, such as in the classroom and on the job, have had a similar effect on the experiencing of relative deprivation. Increased travel and greater exposure to the mass media of communications have also given Negroes more knowledge of the life styles and consumption patterns of middle-class white Americans and have widened the disparity between Negro aspirations and attainments.

Therefore, if Negro aspirations are to be satisfied and Negro discontent stilled, there must be a marked closing of the gap between Negroes and whites, not merely large absolute Negro gains. The prospects for such a closing in the near future are not good. Unless the convergence of Negroes and whites in education, occupations, and income is greatly accelerated, an appreciable gap will remain throughout the lifetime of most Negroes now living. This can be seen by projecting recent rates of convergence.

At the 1950-to-1960 rates of change in the relative standing of Ne-

groes, they would attain equality with whites in education long before they would attain equality in occupation and income. But even the education gap, as indicated by the ratio of nonwhite to white median years of school completed, would not close until the year 2022. And the income gap, as measured by the ratio of non-white to white median family income, would not close until 2410!

Negro males would become proportionally represented in most intermediate-level occupations within a few decades but would not attain equality in some upper-level occupations for centuries. (Negroes are considered to be proportionally represented in an occupation if the percentage of Negroes is the same in the occupation and in the total labor force.) In a few occupations—including physicians and surgeons; and managers, officials, and proprietors—Negro representation did not increase at all during the 1950's, and therefore equality cannot be projected at any rate. The projected dates for proportional representation in a few selected occupations are as follows:

Clerical workers	1973
Craftsmen and foremen	2023
Dentists	2072
Civil engineers	2140
School teachers	2190
Lawyers and judges	2253
Sales workers	2365

These projections are *not* predictions. They merely say that if the rate of progress in the recent past were continued, it will take a very long time for Negroes to catch up with whites. Negro income and occupational gains are likely to accelerate so that income equality and roughly proportional representation in the upper-level occupations will be attained in less than the time indicated.

The Closing Educational Gap

On the other hand, Negroes almost certainly will not gain educational equality with whites by the above projected date of 2022—a conclusion we reach from an analysis of data on educational attainment by age. Since most people do not receive formal education after about age 25 but will live and influence the educational statistics for many more years, educational equality in the total population probably will not be attained until four or five decades after it is attained among young adults.

And the educational gap between Negroes and whites in this age range from 25 through 29 remained substantial in 1960. At the recent rate of

change the gap will not disappear for this age group for three or four decades. Nearly a century probably will pass before there is equality in the total population.

In addition to the gap in the quantity of Negro and white education, there is a vast difference in the quality of education. The average year of Negro schooling is far less than the equivalent of the average white year, in terms of the skills and knowledge that result from it. In many localities, Negro pupils average only as well on scholastic achievement tests as whites two or three grade levels below them. Although there is no good overall measure of the difference in quality, we can be fairly certain that it, like the gap in years of school completed, is slowly closing. There has been appreciable desegregation of schools and colleges in the Border states during the past decade, and the Southern states have at least improved the physical facilities of their Negro schools in an attempt to lessen pressure for desegregation.

However, it is not likely that the gap in quality of education is closing as rapidly as the gap in quantity. De facto segregation, based upon residential segregation, has increased recently in some Northern and Western cities, and the predominantly Negro schools, pervaded with a lower-class culture and usually poorly staffed and equipped, almost invariably offer inferior opportunities to learn and stimulate less incentive to do so. Although there is now little overt discrimination against Negroes by Northern and Western colleges and universities, Negro college students, handicapped by poor backgrounds and limited financial resources, are highly concentrated in institutions with low academic standards. Even so, a large percentage of them do not fare well in competition with their white classmates, and almost 60 per cent of the non-white males who complete one year of college never complete four. The comparable percentage for white males is less than 50.

It seems, therefore, that some difference in the average quality of Negro and white education is likely to remain for some time after the gap in years of school completed is closed. True educational equality is probably more than a century away, even if recent favorable trends continue and are accelerated by the belated efforts of governments and foundations to correct long-recognized deficiencies.

There is still considerable discrimination against Negroes in employment and in rates of pay, but such discrimination has been declining rapidly. Since no overall measure of discrimination is available, one cannot determine the exact rate of decline, but if the present rate continues, discrimination may virtually disappear within a short time, except in isolated "Black Belt" areas of the South. If this is so, the occupational and income gaps will close as soon as educational equality is attained. Em-

ployment opportunities are already opening more rapidly than Negroes can become qualified to take advantage of them—especially in some professional and technical occupations in which a scarcity of qualified personnel of any race makes it impractical for employers to discriminate, or in which “conspicuous employment” of Negroes is considered good public relations by the corporation, government agency, or university.

Since there is more discrimination in most other kinds of occupations, especially in the skilled trades, discrimination remains an important obstacle to Negro advancement. The craft unions of the skilled building trades for example use well established techniques of nepotism and maintain an artificial shortage of workers, thus effectively obstructing the hiring of Negroes among the potential workers. However, low average Negro occupational qualifications—the result of centuries of past subordination—are now a greater hindrance than current discrimination in most occupations.

The Persistent Income Gap

The slow but steady closing of the educational gap and the more rapid decline in discrimination have not led to a convergence of Negro and white incomes. The reason is a growing gap between the incomes of well educated and poorly educated workers regardless of race. For instance, in 1949 males with only one to four years of formal schooling had a median income 31 per cent of that of males with four or more years of college, whereas by 1959 this percentage had declined to 24. Underlying this change was a widening of the income gap between unskilled workers and professional, technical, and managerial workers—a change growing from automation and other technological developments, which increased demand for the highly trained and decreased demand for the unskilled and untrained. A much larger percentage of Negroes than of whites are still poorly educated and unskilled, and the decline in the relative status of these Negroes almost completely offset the economic advancement of the minority of Negroes who became well educated.

The widening of the chasm between the opportunities and economic conditions of poorly educated and well educated workers is continuing and perhaps accelerating. As a consequence, Negroes must gain steadily on whites in education and occupational status merely to stay the same distance behind in income. There is likely to be enough automation during the next decade or so to make it hard for Negroes to keep up, and the income gap could widen appreciably.

The Impact of Automation

Any widening of the income gap will necessarily impede Negro efforts

to catch up in education (and could postpone the attainment of educational equality well beyond the projection we give above), and any slowing of the convergence of Negro and white educational status will in turn tend to widen the income gap. Consequently, the imminent prospects of widespread automation give great urgency to efforts to improve Negro education and occupational qualifications. If Negro education is not improved rapidly enough, Negroes as a whole are faced for many decades of underprivilege and inferior status *after* the discrimination that has kept them down for so long is practically eliminated.

As automation replaces discrimination as the major force keeping Negroes near the bottom of the social heap, Negro efforts to attain equality must change. The battle against discrimination may soon be won, but if Negroes try to impede automation, their efforts will be futile. Even labor leaders who feel their unions have much to lose are fighting delaying actions and playing for time and concessions; they do not think it possible to obstruct automation for very long. The most rational future strategy to raise Negro status would be a program of uplift and self-improvement, necessarily with the massive support of government, foundations, and all kinds of educational institutions.

From the standpoint of Negroes, a shift away from emphasis upon protest to such a program may not come easily. Negroes are marshalled to fight discrimination, they increasingly focus their hostility upon whites, and they can release their pent up hostility in protest activities. They will find it hard to turn their attention upon themselves and settle down to the long, arduous, and unexciting tasks of uplift. Whites, whose consciences are being eased by the elimination of the more flagrant forms of discrimination, may not readily give the sustained support and cooperation needed for an adequate program of Negro uplift. Not many whites are likely to feel responsible either for the technological changes that are lowering the economic status of the poorly educated or for the past discrimination that has left Negroes concentrated in this "downwardly mobile" segment of society.

In short, neither recent trends in Negro status nor the potentialities of the methods now being used for Negro advance lead us to expect a rapid closing of the gap between Negroes and whites. Only a massive program of education, job retraining, and occupational upgrading—on a scale far greater than any program now proposed by Negro leaders, the federal government, or any organization concerned with Negro improvement—can save the majority of Negroes from many more decades of inferior status. Such programs of the President's "War on Poverty" as the Job Corps and Operation Head Start are a step in the right direction, and not a small one, but much greater efforts are needed.



ancestral home of many Negro Americans. The brash young Malinké leader, Sekou Touré, decided that Guineans would no longer submit to French rule, and so he declared his country independent. It was a daring and dangerous move, for the French army could easily have put down any revolt. But Charles de Gaulle was wiser than that. He knew that the era of Western domination of Africa by force was ending, and so—however reluctantly—he granted Touré his wish. However, de Gaulle knew that there were other ways of discouraging this independence movement (and there were all the other African territories under his wings), and he set about doing it. He withdrew all his technicians, teachers and aid from the new country, even carting off governmental records and vital statistics for which the French could have no possible use. Guinea, it was decided, would stand as a horrible example. Well, the story of what happened in Guinea is on record: the French left, and the Guineans had no one to turn to except Ghana, which had only received her independence the year before. The British and American governments in deference to their ally, France, withheld help. Guinea turned for assistance to the Soviet bloc of nations. Help came, and the Guineans managed. Then, fearing a Communist take-over, the Americans moved in with help, as did the British, and finally the French returned. Marxist-oriented, Touré had made it clear, especially to the Russians and the Chinese, and finally even to the Americans, that he had no intention of submitting his people to ANY foreign nation or ideology. The Reds cooled off, and the Amer-

icans stopped having hallucinations. But much damage had been done. Mostly in terms of trust, for while new buildings and industries are vital to the development of modern nations, a people are defined by things which mostly have to do with spirit and heart. The foreigners—ALL of them—had proven to have motives which had nothing at all to do with what was essentially Guinean.

Early in 1959, only months after Sekou Touré's historic move, we journeyed alone and uninvited to Guinea. We found a brave, inexperienced, but determined people struggling to run a country which had been criminally left unprepared for the task. But worse than this display of monumental malice was the unforgivable rape and debasement of the art of the people of Guinea. Much of the country's finest art departed the country with the colonialists, and some of what was left was simply piled up in the courtyards and hallways of the little museum beside the sea in Conakry, exposed to the elements. Anyone who wished could take what he wanted and, of course, scores did.

But the craftsmen in the villages and cities went on working, even when their work showed clearly the corrupting influences of Western commercialism, the too-sleek, too-stylized ebony and ivory carvings which sell quickest in Paris, London and New York. The art and skill are there, and they will show through, and now that the little museum is in the hands of those who respect the work and worth of the artists it is hoped that indigenous influences again will prevail.



That Great Seer—Kenneth Rexroth

Here is that great *literary intellectual liberal* **Kenneth Rexroth** ("I

can't be prejudiced; why, I live right in the middle of a Negro neighborhood") writing about Negro poets and poetry in the June Harper's:

"A generation ago when Yeats, in his preface, dismissed Wilfred Owen with the observation 'the poetry was' most emphatically 'not in the pith,' he scandalized everybody. I'm afraid he was right and nothing bears him out more than most contemporary Negro poetry. The relation between the races in America is in fact a tragedy or a mortal sin, but artistically it is a bore. It is a shocking state of affairs, but it doesn't make for art.

"Race poetry, 'protest poetry' self-evidently can say nothing new. Alas, white editors want little else. If you're colored and enclose a photograph, you can publish almost anything, as long as it's about dope, saxophones, lynching, urine-stained hallways, and murderous miscegenation . . .

"The best recent anthology is *Beyond the Blues*, published in England by the Hand and Flower Press, and edited by Rosey E. Pool, who is a Dutchwoman. Here again, the young poets who make the most impact are those who avoid explicit racial protest. Typical of the best is Julia Field, whose poetry has poignancy that might be the expression of any race. She and the few others like her might be said to represent the arrival of *négritude* in American verse—that is, she has pride in her race, because she has pride in herself. I think that this question is a most important crux of aesthetic judgment—it points up the most basic of all issues. It is a moral problem, essentially, but it is directly reflected in artistic construction . . ."

Gobbledegook?—But, of course! The same old routine, *ad infinitum*.



More about writers and writing:

Here's news for that vast army of denigrators of **James Baldwin's** *Another Country*: In its list of 12 post-World War II American novels most likely to endure, the British magazine, *Books and Bookmen*, picked the Baldwin novel along with Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*, Saul Bellow's *Adventures of Augie March* and J. D. Salinger's *The*

Catcher in the Rye . . . **Thornton Wilder** (*The Bridge of San Luis Rey*) received the first National Medal for Literature at the White House last May. The National Book Committee's prize, consisting of a \$5,000 cash award and a bronze medal designed by Leonard Baskin, was presented at the White House by National Book Committee chairman Donald H. McGannon . . . **Cormac**



REXROTH

McCarthy received the American Academy of Arts and Letters' Traveling Fellowship in Literature . . . *A Recent Killing*, a full-length play by poet-playwright **Le Roi Jones**, is scheduled for a Broadway unveiling in the fall... **Bobb Hamilton** ("Blackberry Pit," **NEGRO DIGEST**, March 1965) reports that he is co-editor of *Soulbook*, the second number of which is available for 65 cents per copy from P.O. Box 1097, Berkeley, Calif., or from Mr. Hamilton at 350



FAIR

Bowery, New York City. Among the feature articles: "El Hajji Malik Shabazz: Leader, Prophet, Martyr," by Bobb Hamilton; "Apartheid Is Doomed!", by the African National Congress and the editors of Soul-book; and "Did the United Nations Benefit the Congo?", by Kenn Freeman . . . **Langston Hughes** has been named to write the Harry Belafonte-produced CBS-TV special on the era

of The Black Renaissance in Harlem. Langston is the perfect choice: he was there (So, incidentally, was Arna Bontemps who wrote about the period in *NEGRO DIGEST*, September 1964) . . . Harcourt, Brace has purchased **Ronald Fair's** second novel, *Hog Butcher*, which may be published a year from the appearance of Fair's first book, the riproaring *Many Thousands Gone*.

Mr. Killens and *Black Man's Burden*

John Oliver Killens, author of the article "Would You Want One Of Them To Marry Your Daughter" (page 5), is the famous novelist (*Youngblood, And Then We Heard The Thunder*) turned—temporarily—essayist and traveler-historian. He takes on the role of essayist with *Black Man's Burden*, the book from which the *NEGRO DIGEST* article is excerpted (The title essay is excerpted in the August issue of *EBONY*). He plays traveler-historian with an upcoming book on Nigeria, the bustling West African country where Mr. Killens has traveled extensively. A new novel is in the works. Come September, Mr. Killens possibly will return to the campus of Fisk University where he served during the spring semester as author-in-residence. The cartoon at left?—Well, that was done by *NEGRO DIGEST* artist Herb Temple to illustrate the *EBONY* article. Damned appropriate, eh? *Black Man's Burden*, by the way, is being published by Trident Press, and it should be on the book stalls any day now.



Awards, Fellowships, Competitions: Chilton Books, in collaboration with Peter Owen Limited and Mayflower Books, both of London, have announced the \$3,000 Anglo-American Book Award Competition "for an original novel of literary merit." This is what the announcement stated: "Since the competition is intended to encourage new talent,

unpublished writers will be given preference, but authors of published books are fully eligible." Naturally, as in all such competitions, manuscripts should be typewritten, double-spaced, and accompanied by "a legible self-addressed return label. They should be marked Anglo-American Book Award, and mailed to Peter Owen Ltd., 12 Kendrick Mews, Kendrick Place, London, S.W. 7, England—to arrive not later than December 31, 1965." . . . A detailed copy of the rules for the Anglo-American Book Award, incidentally, can be obtained by writing to John Marion, Editor, Chilton Trade Book Division, 227 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19106 . . . Actor-writer **Woodie King Jr.**, founder of Detroit's Concept East Theatre, was one of the 29 winners of John Hay Whitney Opportunity fellowships for 1965-66. Mr. King will study in the theater in New York . . . **Lonnie Elder III** received the \$500 Stanley Drama Award for his play, *The Ceremonies of Dark Old Men*. The prize is offered each year by Mrs. Alma T. Stanley, a resident of Staten Island and widow of the board chairman of International Nickel of Canada . . . Poet **Mari Evans** also received a \$500 honorary fellowship from the John Hay Whitney foundation . . . **Robert Penn Warren**, ex-segregationist turned "Negro authority," received the \$2,000 Irita Van Doren Award for his book, *Who Speaks For The Negro?* . . . **Julian Mitchell**, author of *The White Father* (reviewed for NEGRO DIGEST by poet Dudley Randall), received the \$300 John Llewelyn Rhys Memorial Award for 1965 . . . Poet **Marianne Moore** was elected the 1965 Fellow of the Academy of American Poets and received the \$5,000 cash award which goes with the honor . . . The National Society of Professional Engineers announced a \$500 Journalism Award Contest for the best writing on engineering in the mass media. The contest will be annual, and submissions will be made by editors during the year of publication to Kenneth E. Trombly of the society, 2029 K Street, Washington, D. C.



The Amistad Society

Chicago's Amistad Society, one of the first of a growing number of organizations dedicated to the promo-

tion of a greater appreciation of Negro history presented a program during the summer worthy of an organization several times its size and age. The roster of scholars and teachers participating in the Society's lecture series was impressive, to say the least. **Sterling Brown**, the rapier wit of the Howard University English Department, enlivened the all-day program with his very special angle of vision on the history of those qualifying as Negroes. Poet and folklorist, Mr. Brown demonstrated the effectiveness of those disciplines in communicating to his audience the irony and beauty of the Negro past.

The other speakers were **Lerone**



YOUNG



DE WINDT

Bennett Jr., whose fourth book, *Confrontation*, is due this fall; **August Meier**, author of *Negro Thought In America*; and **Richard Wade**, author of *Slavery In The Cities*. Mr. Bennett, of course, is the senior editor of EBONY magazine; Mr. Meier is professor of history at Roosevelt University; and Mr. Wade is professor of history at the University of Chicago.

A group of young people associated with The Amistad Society took over during the second half of the program with a dramatic presentation of Negro history in verse. No strangers to their past, these children.

Credit for the success of the Society's undertakings should go primarily to **Sterling Stuckey** and **Beatrice Young**, two young people whose dedication has been proven over and over again. Until last spring, Mr. Stuckey was a teacher in the Chicago public schools where he worked with youth groups, seeking to send them off in the right direction. He resigned as teacher to concentrate on research, consultation with a publisher of encyclopedias, and writing.

Miss Young also is a schoolteacher—during and after school hours. The young woman has sparked a number of projects designed to foster the study of Negro history on the city's sprawling South Side, and she gives of her time and energy above and beyond any expectation.

The people who attend the programs sponsored by The Amistad Society are, for the most part, solidly grounded in Negro history. They are not *poseurs*, making an identification with promoters of Negro history because it appears currently fashionable to do so. For the most part, that is. There remains that aggravating minority who swing their blackness like swords.

The theme of the Society's program, incidentally, was "The Souls of Black Folk." Genuine "soul," that is. The Amistad Society certainly deserves the support of Chicagoans, and it appears to be getting it. The auditorium of Crerar Memorial Presbyterian Church, where the program was held, came close to being filled. All day.



Souls of Black Folk: Poet-folklorist Sterling Brown and historian Lerone Bennett Jr. were guest speakers at Amistad Society program hosted by Sterling Stuckey (right)

Theater: Former model and occasional actor Hal DeWindt, long absent from such old stomping grounds as the annual EBONY (magazine) Fashion Fair, turned up as stage manager of New York's Shakespeare Festival Mobile Theater during the summer. Mr. DeWindt also has tried his hand at folksinging and playwrighting.



Other Ports, Other Storms: Apartheid, Portuguese style, was the clamor in Lisbon when the Portuguese Writers Association awarded a literary prize to **Jose Vieira Mateus da Graca**, author of the novel, *Luanda* (capital of Angola). The Minister of Education accused the writers' group of "deeply offending national sentiment" in giving Vieira the prize because the book is sympathetic to the black rebels in Angola. Vieira was convicted in 1963 of terrorist activity on behalf of the rebels and is serving a 14-year prison term presently. His novel was published under the pseudonym Vieira, and the writers' group denied that the author's true identity was known. The prize is worth about \$1,750. The Portuguese Writers Association was banned by the government . . . In Sierra Leone, the second edition of the Bulletin of the Association for African Literature in English was published last spring. This number was edited by **Eldred Jones**, professor of English at Fourah Bay College, University of Sierra Leone (Mr. Jones is also author of the recently published volume, *Othello's Countrymen*). Contributors to the periodical wrote on such subjects as "Recent African Fiction," "Recent African Drama" and considerations of African poetry and vintage African literature . . . National Educational Television officials in New York are ecstatic over their two-part feature, *Changing World: South African Essay*, which enterprising English and Canadian film makers were able to shoot and smuggle out of the land of *apartheid*. Among those interviewed for the cameras were **Albert Luthuli**, the Nobel Peace Prize winner, and **Alan Paton**, the novelist, both "banned persons" by the South African Government. NET's 90 affiliate stations across the nation will televise the series during the year . . . In his first few months as European editorial representative for the Johnson Publishing Company (EBONY, JET), **Charles Sanders** has fanned out over Western Europe from his Paris base. JET readers, in particular, now have a regular report on who is doing what and where in Europe.



Data on the Dance: Both Alvin Ailey and Donald McKayle created new ballets for The Harkness Ballet. The Ailey Dance Company sparked considerable excitement in its State Department-sponsored world tour.

About A Contributor

Matthew Davidson is the *nom de plume* of a young Californian who combines study (for a degree in sociology at San Diego State College) with taking care of a family (two children). For this article, "The Negro and The Police," he spent many hours in research and says the article would not have been possible "without the kind cooperation of acknowledged experts such as Mr. Milner (named in the article) of the University of Southern California."

through organization. If the author impressed the reader with anything, it is certainly with the fact that there are a large number of organizations that are working in the slums. The problem is to weed out ones that organize *at* and *down to* the people and substitute for them groups that organize *with* the people. But clearly, as she states, "Most problems in East Harlem seem to merge into one: How can people best be organized to deal with their own problems and get enough power to demand of society what is their right."

It's interesting to read a book with such straightforwardness, minus sociological and psychological jargon. None of the real impact of the problems is lost in a maze of technical terms. Mrs. Sexton speaks simply and forcefully as only an interested, enlightened woman can. There is certainly no scarcity of literature on the subject of the slums, but this book is one well worth adding to the growing number.

Urban Desegregation is a very competent, unpretentious study of selected Negro families that moved into white neighborhoods in Seattle, Washington. The authors make no grandiose boasts about their study

and are quite truthful when they state that the real value of their study is to demonstrate "... that Negroes can successfully live and be accepted in white residential areas. This provides tangible evidence for others who need encouragement to make a similar move. It can disabuse many current half-truths and myths about Negro neighbors."

My first reaction was to say that this is fine to say about a place like Seattle. It really is far to the Northwest and probably more liberal than most cities. But the brief introduction to the book makes it very plain that Seattle, contrary to my basic assumption, was not, and is not, that much different from other American cities. There has been a rather active past history of racial intolerance. The upshot of all this is that although the study is centered around Seattle, it applies in many instances to even cities that have a more widely circulated reputation for bigotry. It has already been alluded to the fact that the book makes no claims of being profound, but it does provide the reader with actual case studies which substantiate pretty much what most intelligent Negroes already have surmised.—Brooks Johnson



In his first novel, *Ladies of the Rachmaninoff Eyes* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$4.95), Henry Van Dyke, winner of a Hopwood Award at the University of Michigan, introduces a different adolescent to fiction.

Oliver, the seventeen-year-old narrator, is not a crybaby like Salinger's Holden Caulfield. He and his black Aunt Harry live with a rich Jewish widow who pays for his tutor and who plans to send him to Cornell. He is fortunate and knows it. He is

not the questing adolescent of Ellison's *Invisible Man*. He passes his vacation reading Baudelaire and writing a summer poem. He is not a calculating seducer like James Leigh's Phil Fuller; for when Della Mae, the housemaid, crawls into his bed or undresses in his bedroom, he retreats. He is not the rage-filled Bigger Thomas of *Native Son*. When the orange-haired Belle Thompson declines his advances—"I've never bestowed any favors on a colored man

—boy before,” his reaction is only that her reason seemed “so abstract, so theoretical.” In short, he is a witty and engaging young man.

Henry Van Dyke has a keen eye for comic idiosyncrasies. In sentences that glitter but do not slash, he depicts Mrs. Klein and Aunt Harry with their spats and makings-up, Mrs. Klein's gross, alcoholic son Jerome and his cold wife Patricia Jo, and Della the maid, who gets “The Nasties” whenever she looks at an attractive man, or an unattractive one, for that matter.

The two old ladies invite a self-styled warlock to visit them and conduct a seance in which they hope to question Mrs. Klein's son Sargeant about his suicide. Oliver suspects that the man is a charlatan, and tries to prevent the seance, but fails. At the seance there is a discovery of decadence, and the story takes an unexpected turn toward horror and disintegration.

Henry Van Dyke is a voice of distinctively different timbre. He will be interesting to watch as his art matures and deepens.—DUDLEY RANDALL



Adam Clayton Powell is to white journalism what Alabama Governor George Wallace is to the Negro press. Adam can do no right for whites and Governor George can do no right for Negroes. With such logic fairly rampant around the country, two white writers, Neil Hickey and Ed Edwin, attempted the portrayal of America's most colorful Negro politician in a book titled, *Adam Clayton Powell and the Politics of Race*. (Fleet, \$6.50)

One would suspect that Adam would emerge from this literary effort with his feelings hurt, an eye battered, and his reputation cracked in several places. Not so. The out-

come probably is best summed up in this belly smacking paragraph in the 298-page book: “Negro Americans will adore him (Powell) for what he gave them; a sense of self and self esteem, of full manhood, of having wombs to give birth to fully male humans. Powell, for his part, was the creature of the black ghetto and of a manner of life designed, enforced and perpetuated by the white man. The fatal dualism in him is, in fact, a symptom of the double *moral* standard and ultimately, of the hypocrisy of white America.”

This statement, perhaps, is the theme which runs throughout the study detailing Adam's rise from a Colgate University student caught passing for white to a Negro leader who for years advocated the philosophy of marching blacks only to find that, when blacks finally marched, he was not a participant.

The book, filled with incidents many years forgotten in which Adam either did or didn't do what many whites and Negroes hoped he would do, is not one sided. It describes vividly the handsome solon during his finest hours—the verbal bout with Mississippi Rep. John Rankin over the use of the word “nigger” on the House floor, the victory over Carmine DeSapio and his Tammany forces, his non-discrimination amendment campaign, and the drawn out persecutory income tax and libel litigation.

The fundamental weakness of the book, however, it would appear to me, is that the authors examine Adam with a measuring stick to ascertain why he is “a round peg in a square hole” in the white world. Constantly the reader is made aware that Adam blew his chances to be the widely hailed “American Negro hero” and often the explanation is not deep enough to give the reader a better understanding of Adam as a man

with ambitions, dreams and even frailties.

Perhaps, this fault in approach also caused the authors to underplay Adam's role not as a leader, a politician, a spokesman, and a crusader but as chairman of one of the House of Representatives' most important committees, Labor and Education, and still do a bang up job in the legislative jungle on Capitol Hill. This accomplishment in itself makes Adam more than a symbol but a valuable but unpredictable cog in the Negro's fight for first class citizenship. To even-steven this literary project, two Negro journalists must team up and do a book on Ala. Gov. George Wallace and see if they can do as well on the pride of Dixie. —Simeon Booker

ind

The White Father of Julian Mitchell's novel of the same name (Farrar, Straus, \$4.95) is Hugh Shrieve, a colonial administrator for the Ngulu, an African tribe. Ill at ease among the polished ladies of England, he lives with an Ngulu widow whom he loves, and by whom he has a young son.

Shrieve returns to England for the conference on independence of the colony, to plead for protection of the Ngulu, whom he fears will be overrun, when the British withdraw, by the Luagabu, a larger, more advanced and warlike tribe.

Edward, a skeptical, non-committed Oxford student and jazz pianist, admires Shrieve's sincerity, and becomes his secretary. Both Shrieve and Edward are sympathetic characters. Shrieve's earnest and amateurish attempts to arouse interest in the plight of the Ngulu among the suave and non-committal officials, and Edward's efforts to make a fortune as a pop singer so that he can retire and do as

he pleases (although he has not found anything he considers as worth doing), interweave in the novel, and give a picture of contemporary England, gone materialistic and commercial.

There are some good comic set pieces—one where Shrieve drinks with Jumbo, his war-time mess-mate in a midget submarine, and Jumbo gradually reveals the venality underneath his bonhomie; another where Edward has an audition as a pop singer for the world-wide Brach enterprises and sees an 18-year-old singer with gorilla-like arms in an obviously new suit who can't sing in key and whose songs have to be repeated over and over and taped together. The four girls who accompany the singer are middle-aged women, and one of them is knitting.

Mr. Brach changes Edward's name to Sammy Sweet and plans for him to popularize a new dance, originally called the Choke, but changed to the Sway to prevent its being blamed for all the sex murders in England. The head of the Brach enterprises, which include real estate, a world-wide soft drink called Free, restaurants, clothing stores featuring tight slacks and loose sweaters, and a music and entertainment industry, is a paranoiac who is obsessed with fear of a conspiracy against free enterprise and who maintains organizations to spy on his businesses and on each other. One wonders who are more naive, the consumers whom Mr. Brach manipulates, or the Ngulu.

The music sections of the book contrast with William Melvin Kelley's *A Drop of Patience*. Edward is educated and fluent, but is a mediocre jazz pianist. Mr. Kelley's musician Ludlow is ignorant and inarticulate, but creates a new jazz style. Mr. Mitchell seems compelled to describe every character and every room the characters enter. These digressions

create little eddies which hold up the narrative flow. In Mr. Kelley's book, nothing can be seen through Ludlow's blind eyes, but the book has, to me, more intensity of living, and the

story moves onward with compelling force. To be caught up in the fate of a character, one doesn't need to know the color of his eyes.—Dudley Randall



Hey, you short story writers out there: Whit and Hallie Burnett have provided a feast with their big, smorgasbord of an anthology, *Story Jubilee* (Doubleday, \$5.95). Among the fifty authors represented are William Faulkner, Langston Hughes (and that's an innovation for these collections!), Norman Mailer, William Saroyan and Sherwood Anderson, but there are also such fine and less well known writers (to readers of standard short story anthologies) as Mary O'Hara, Dawn Powell, Brian Glanville and Jack Iams. All of the stories included here appeared in the fabled *Story* magazine, which the Burnetts have edited for years. And there is a story each by the Burnetts, who wield a mean typewriter themselves. The range of writers, styles and subjects is wide, indeed, but the emphasis in these stories is, rightly, on *story*. Ideology and polemic rarely get in the way. For instance, the veteran short story writer (and novelist) Stuart Cloete is not a man most NEGRO DIGEST readers would be inclined to agree with generally, particularly on Africa (Mr. Cloete formerly lived in South Africa and is an apologist for that country's racial policies), but Mr. Cloete's story, "Congo," which has an African background, is an example of good old-fashioned storytelling. It is, in fact, a thriller. Mr. Cloete's straight brand of narrating is balanced by the fanciful style of Truman Capote and the cool, surgical approach of John Cheever. For writers—and readers!—*Story Jubilee* is a treat.



Upon picking up Dr. Mordechai Kreinin's *Israel And Africa: A Study In Technical Cooperation* (Columbia) I was impressed with the price of the book, \$12.50. I immediately became interested in what the publishers thought was contained within the 206 pages (appendix included) that would demand such a price. Here is what I found. The book is about rather specialized and technical problems without all of the weightiness of technical and specialized language. It is not intended for general reading, but the general public can read and understand it. It is written by a scholar who displays his scholarship through the manner in which he simplifies, rather than complicates, the subject matter.

The substance of the book revolves around the ways and means in which Israel can aid Africa in the latter's struggle for economic and social growth. But more than that, it gives reasons why Israeli aid and assistance has certain advantages over aid from other countries, as well as the negative aspects that may also exist. For example, he points out that aid from Israel does not mean that the recipient country is getting involved in the power struggle between East and West. There is an element of kinship due to the fact that both Africans and Jews have had tragic pasts.

There are several more aspects that make it most desirable for Africans to get Israeli aid, but the one that holds the greatest import, as I

see it, is the fact that Africans who come to Israel for study tours and conferences see the political and social leaders often roll up their sleeves and get very much involved in manual labor. The aversion that the African leader often displays for manual labor has two very real foundations. First, the old tribal and traditional customs have the women doing most of the manual labor, the man reserves his energy for the essential task of hunting. Second, under the colonial powers it was the undermen, not the leaders, who performed tasks of manual labor. It is natural then that the African leaders should want to continue in this tradition and fashion. But what Africa needs is every available ounce of talent it has to apply itself to the problems facing

it and when the most talented men are reluctant to pitch in for fear of doing something "beneath" them, then it is advantageous for them to be exposed to any system that will help to alter this unfortunate trait in the African make-up.

Perhaps none of the above is really very original, startling, or sensational; but it is useful and compiled in a logical, easy reading style. It makes interesting reading for those who have an especially strong interest in African development. Africa must emulate Israel in certain crucial areas of improvement; many of these are very candidly, but gently pointed out. The book bears the mark of a scholar and that is rare in these days of mass production of books.

—Brooks Johnson

The Confederate general of the title is not a character in this book by Richard Brautigan, *A Confederate General from Big Sur* (Grove Press, \$3.95), but is supposed to be the great grandfather of one Lee Mellon, who meets the narrator, Jesse, on a spree after he has hit "a rich queer" on the head with a rock and has taken his car, his watch and his money. Later, Jesse visits Lee in his primitive cabin on Big Sur, and the rest of the book is taken up with their attempts to find food, money, tobacco and "lays."

The reader of this book is reminded of an old-time vaudeville comedian who feels the audience is getting bored and who says "damn," whereupon everyone laughs; only this time the performer says "damn damn damn damn damn damn damn" so often that there is no response. Mr. Brautigan uses so many four-letter words that they become as meaningless as the circumambient profanity of the Army.

He seems to write whatever comes first to the top of his head, and what comes out is sometimes meaningless, sometimes inane and sometimes a nice simile or metaphor.

The characters are zany like those in comic strips. The book is froth, and like the fiction of ladies' magazines, is to be read in a summer hammock or in bed when you can't go to sleep, and then be forgotten.

—DUDLEY RANDALL

In *The Black Anglo-Saxons* (Marzani & Munsell, \$3.95), sociologist Nathan Hare carries on a contention begun several years ago by the late E. Franklin Frazier (*Black Bourgeoisie*). Essentially, it boils down to a

conviction that assimilation into American life has cost the middle class Negro his "racial identity," rendering him a cheap, sterile and self-despising imitation.

With an approach reminiscent of

the late Dr. Frazier's (personal anecdotes, hearsay, erratic news items), Dr. Hare examines his subject from several points of view—the Mimics, the Image-Makers, the Cultured, the Supercitizens, etc. If this is supposed to provide dimension, it simply doesn't come off, for the book is singularly shallow, undocumented and often embarrassingly distorted. It has taken what may be an interesting subject of investigation and given it the depth and scholarship of a gossip column.

In a chapter titled, "The Exiles," for example, the author states, "Because they failed to gain equality as members of a race, they seek to abolish that race; integration becomes synonymous with *disintegration* of the Negro. They operate on the pathetic assumption that the sooner they forget that they are Negroes, the sooner the whites will also."

This raises all kinds of interesting questions, among them whether or not there is such a thing as a pre-existent American Negro culture, and whether terms like "Negritude" and "blackness" (which presumably link all Negroes together in some sort of mysterious bond, even wedding them to distant Africa) have any validity.

Instead of answering the questions, however, Dr. Hare devotes the entire chapter to a series of gossipy tidbits describing how horrible it was that a certain dancer quit Langston Hughes' stage revue in objection to its title, *Black Nativity*, and condemning Althea Gibson for insisting, in a magazine article, that she not be referred to as a "Negro" tennis player.

Many of his observations are indisputable, as when he bemoans the middle class's conspicuous consumption, anti-intellectualism, etc. Others are patently absurd. When a group of Howard University coeds confess they were thrilled at shaking hands with Robert Kennedy, Dr. Hare at-

tributes their enthusiasm to his (Kennedy's) whiteness!

He becomes so enamored of his theme that he extends it to include middle class Negro speech, eating habits and even the kinds of names parents choose for their offspring. But as sociologist Oliver C. Cox points out in a rather stabilizing introduction: "As a population, either Negro or white, moves from lower to middle class status, it surrenders one subculture and takes on another. Thus, it should not be conceived of as being cultureless and rootless in the process . . . The culture of Negro Americans is not an immemorial heritage of the race but rather a version of Western culture."

And that romanticized folk tradition so mourned by the Frazier-Hare school of commentators "was and still is a largely illiterate, extremely inefficient instrument of modern life. It is not an ideal toward which Negro Americans can be expected to revert."—Hamilton Bims



The major drawback of most writings exposing social, economic or political ills is the fact that, although the subject matter may be interesting, usually the writing style is dull and colorless. Fortunately this is not the case with Dale Wright's *They Harvest Despair* (\$4.95, Beacon Press). Wright's style is that of a novelist turned reporter. It is fluent, with just the right combination of pure prose and fact giving. It would have been a rather compelling book even without the added dash of Wright's style because of the problem it deals with.

They Harvest Despair tells of the never-ending whirlpool of back-breaking work that the migrant agricultural worker is caught up in as he moves up and down the East Coast with crops. It's not a very pretty picture, especially when the vicious

cycle of indebtedness, exploitation, and desperation is repeated each year within yelling distance of major centers of culture and the twentieth century like Miami, Philadelphia, New York and other eastern seaboard cities.

The other outstanding feature of the book is that it is exactly what the Foreword and Introduction state it to be. It is "... The Migrant's own story—a story that needs telling . . . this report is, rather, an amplification of the migrant's own faint cries. They are cries of bitterness, resentment, unhappiness, the futility of existence cut off from the rest of humanity."

Wright has done just that. He has amplified and articulated the cries of the migrant worker so that their voices have been heard in the highest places in the land. Thankfully there is now just the faintest hope that more legislation will join the little that is already on the books to help the migrant worker extract himself from the quicksand of exploitation.

But equally as important is the fact that, as Senator Harrison A. Williams states in the Introduction, "It is heartening to know that courageous reporters like Mr. Wright still serve as active gadflies to America's conscience. His moving plea should be read by every American. . . ." With a recommendation from such a high place that drips with obvious truth, is there need to say more?—BROOKS JOHNSON



There will never be another Mississippi Summer Project. The conditions of a state crippled by a ravaging history, together with the idealism of the young people who chanced death to open its closed doors, is captured in *Letters From Mississippi* (McGraw-Hill, \$4.95), edited by Elizabeth Sutherland.

"Damn it, I don't want to go; I just

want to know the best way to do it . . .", written from the Oxford, Ohio, training camp in June, is typical of the almost frightening honesty contained in the letters (and excerpts) written by the summer volunteers.

Although the amazing introspection of the students is the heart of the book, the book is also a complete catalogue of the summer project. From Oxford, to the Magnolia state, to the Atlantic City convention, and back to their northern homes, the reader journeys with the students. Mississippi life, through the eyes of those who became Mississippians for a summer, is shared with the reader, and the reader also shares the letter writers' abounding love for humanity and equally abounding hatred of evil. In reading *Letters From Mississippi*, one perceives the difference between the sympathy of the "liberals" and the empathy of those who chose to explore the depths of life while experiencing the taste of death.

The letters provide heretofore unpublished insights about Bob Moses—"he forced you by what he said and by his manner of saying it, to want to partake of him, to come to him. He was not in any way outgoing, yet when he spoke you felt close to him"—the young man who was largely responsible for the creativity of the summer's endeavor.

One is reminded that these students led a nation last summer, forcing it to see its crimes. Their spirit challenges the more cynical among us. Their concern is captivating and, however despairing one might be, *Letters From Mississippi* makes one recognize that the nation has produced at least one group of young people who are somehow larger and greater than the nation. Much has been written about the students' sacrifice last summer. In getting to know them, one is aware of an even larger sacrifice that this nation will have to make if their idealism is not to be in vain.

More than just a book, these young people have revealed life itself—intense, exciting and sad. There will never be another *Letters From Mississippi*.—David Llorens



Platzo and the Mexican Pony Rider, (Trident, \$4.95) by Theodore Isaac Rubin, author of *Jordi and Lisa and David*, reveals the inner life of two 16-year-old boys. There is a foreword by Bella S. Van Bark, M.D., advising the reader to treat the two sections of the book not as simple tales, but to let the boys' fantasies and experiences set up reverberations in the reader's own memories.

Arthur Turbitzky (Platzo) is a shy intelligent student who sets down in a journal his feelings of inferiority because of his thinness and "delicacy," his suppressed hate of his father's coldness, his wonderings about sex, his growing love for Millicent. Read as a story, this is a little uneventful, but if one remembers one's own adolescence, there are reverberations in the memory.

The second section has much more action. The boy, perhaps a Puerto Rican, calls himself the Mexican Pony Rider because he can identify himself better with this character from the movie *Zapata* than with

American cowboys. On his sixteenth birthday he treats himself to a trip to the Bowery, Chinatown, Woptown and other sections of New York. He is not shy and introspective like Platzo, but reacts swiftly and violently. He kicks a drunk, cuts up a ball belonging to smaller boys with his switchblade, pays a gypsy to let him pillow his head on her breasts, and goes to a prostitute's room.

In the Afterword, Dr. Van Bark analyzes the two sections and points out that although the two boys seem to be at opposite poles, they are alike in their feelings of inferiority, their anger, and their fear of relating to other people; and that all of us have similar feelings.

It's hard to tell whether these are meant to be fictions or case histories. (I looked up Mr. Robin's other two books in the library and found that they were catalogued under Child Psychiatry.) If fictions, the comments are superfluous. The explanation should lie within the stories themselves. Neither *The Wasteland* nor *Ulysses*, complicated as they are, had this apparatus of a Foreword and an Afterword when they appeared, although there has been plenty of explication since their appearance. On the other hand, if they're case histories, the doctor's analysis seems appropriate.—Dudley Randall



Thomas Molnar's introduction to his book, *Africa—A Political Travelogue*, (Fleet, \$6.95) ends with the statement, "I tried to understand Africa, and now I shall try to make others understand it." There's something about that sentence that just does not ring true. On the surface it would appear acceptable, but closer scrutiny turns up the fact that the author in the first half of his statement admits that he *tried* to understand Africa, something of a qualified statement with a certain amount of reservation in it. But the second half of it doesn't carry the same feel of understandable reservation. For how can he even *try* to make others understand Africa if he himself, in the opening words of the sentence, readily admits that he isn't certain that *he* even understands it? From reading the second half of the statement one gets the feeling that the author has now discarded the reservations he

justifiably had in the first part, and is hot on his way to sharing with the rest of the world his "understanding" of Africa.

Mr. Molnar traveled to several places that I had the pleasure of visiting a year or so before him. Now it is more than true that what is true of Africa today is not true of it tomorrow, but in several instances I spent more time in places than he, and, by virtue of my color, got to speak a bit more intimately with many of the African leaders and perhaps got more of an "African (black)" point of view than he, but I find we disagree on the overall conditions, motivations, capacities, and potentials of both Africa and Africans. Despite the fluid conditions in Africa, it doesn't change that drastically nor that fast, so the basis for the difference in opinion must rest in our personal outlook and approach.

For example, Mr. Molnar states, "The traveler realizes that all around him Africa is still the white man's creation." Then he goes on to credit the white man with the manifestations of "civilization" like straight avenues, administrative buildings, apartment buildings, hygiene, police, etc. He blithely omits the fact that these were in fact the combination of "western" technology and African labor. Further he states, "I came definitely to the conclusion that the dividing line between orderliness and a kind of nonchalant anarchy coincided with the presence or absence of the white man." But later, he relates that the colonial powers administered Africa to a large extent through the already century-old tribal government. One would hardly call these rather well defined, efficient lines of authority "anarchy."

But despite certain obvious contradictions and rather suspect ideas about race in general, Mr. Molnar does make certain observations which are note-worthy, namely, that one should realize that, "... the black man does not have to be identical with the white to be his equal." If this kind of clear, perceptive thinking were manifested throughout then we might have something of value in Molnar's book, but we merely need to look at his observations about the Republic of South Africa to see his thinking become clouded and confused because of his personal feelings about race. A selected list of quotes from his South African observations will serve to demonstrate what I mean.

"Apartheid is enforced not with malevolence but with irritating logic."

"... the whites are a minority maintaining themselves by dint of tenacity, firmness and *good conscience*." (italics mine)

"It must be pointed out to the American reader who is easily swayed by the self-righteous attitude of our *leftist-liberal press*." (italics mine)

"The rector belongs to the Afrikaner elite, for which I have the greatest admiration."

Mr. Molnar's book is extremely provocative, and at points incensing, but perhaps for these reasons alone it is worth reading. We need difference of opinion and much of what we read now about Africa is by those who already have a positive disposition toward Africa. The unfortunate thing about Molnar is that he might have presented us with the kind of work that might help to fill this void, but instead he merely joins those with prejudices on the other side of the issue.—Brooks Johnson



Letters to the Editor

Cheering Section

Dear Editor:

Norman Pritchard's poem "Self" in the June issue was perhaps one of the best short poems that I have ever read in the English language, certainly in recent literature.

With poets of this caliber, you should have no difficulty in publishing an anthology of poetry from NEGRO DIGEST.

Kenneth Johnson
Corte Madera, California

Dear Editor:

At last you have published a poem that can be placed alongside the best poems published in *any* magazine. Norman's Pritchard's poem "Self" in your June issue is unquestionably a short masterpiece. I look forward to reading more of his work in forthcoming issues.

Janet Williams
New York City

Dear Editor:

Who pray tell is Norman Pritchard? His poem "Self" in your June issue was by far the best poem yet to appear in your magazine. More please.

Dora Willis
San Francisco, California

Dear Editor:

Your article, "I'm Sick Of Soul" (By Horton Floyd), published in the April, 1963 issue of NEGRO DIGEST

has at this late, late date re-aroused me sufficiently to write you. After the initial reading I simply dismissed your effort as a superficial one of cashing in on a controversial theme, rather than really probing it for the wealth of things it embodies.

I perhaps still feel this way, so my writing you remains a mystery even to me. Perhaps the possibility of a "for-real" discussion is the only excuse I have to offer. You certainly did not shatter any of my boundless enthusiasm for the doctrine of "soul" for if anything your article still strikes me as a fabric of safe evasions and omissions and glaring misrepresentations of your opponents position; an attempt to reassure Mr. Charlie that the Negro is an American and commonplace as apple pie.

Other than pitting celebrities against one another there is little effort at presenting sound consistent arguments. What is actually claimed for the notion of "soul" is hardly touched upon. There is instead a confusing amount of glib civil rights jargon. Although "soul" is identified with Negro-ness it is traced to segregation rather than to the Negro's origin as a former African.

There is confusion as to whether the quality or qualities thought to be Negro are unique to him or universal; and whether the Negro himself constitutes a race or a people and his pattern of life, a culture in itself or just an element, however central, of American culture. These confusions,

however, are sufficiently rich in their implications to constitute a blessing, and a basis for "lively" discussion.

James Cunningham
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editor:

I wish to thank you for the wonderful symposium in the April issue of *NEGRO DIGEST*.

It's surprising how many writers were thrown by your question. Only a few—Zack Gilbert, Conrad Kent Rivers, Ernest J. Gaines and John A. Williams—seemed to realize that the first duty of any writer, be he black, white or green, is to be continually striving to develop and improve his craft and artistic skill.

The logic of LeRoi Jones and Ossie Davis and Calvin C. Hernton escapes me. Indeed, only Louis E. Lo-max recognized the crying tragedy that needs to be shouted from the house tops. It is a fact that "Negroes, on the whole, do not read"!! They do not buy books! They buy hi-fi's and records by the millions, but not books. Alas, what good are writers without readers?

Marie Jordan
Brooklyn, New York

Dear Editor:

Several days ago I was browsing in the drugstore and your magazine caught my eye. I had never even seen a *NEGRO DIGEST* before, so I thought it might be very interesting to read, especially since I am an avid reader of the wonderful "Readers Digest" and I was curious about what difference there might be between the two. I promise you, sir, you will never use my subscription money to print the trashy, mediocre material such as I read in your issue of May, 1965.

I refer especially to your article "How and Why Negroes Spend Their Money." No doubt Mr. Hare is required to have some educational

background, but I do sincerely trust that he is not a Negro, for it is people like him and like the ones in your organization who stereotype the Negro race, and who continuously smear, and ridicule, and cause fear and hatred and repulsion among whites and others against a brilliant race of people. I deny you, abhor you and disagree with you violently; the Negro does have a mind of his own. When you and your editors gain the courage to "look ahead," perhaps you will be more content to offer the public a better digest . . .

Mrs. Tommye Lou McDonald
Riverside, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I read the article published in the May issue written by Mr. Feldman, entitled, "The Truth About The Congo." Though I must admit two wrongs don't make one right, I most honestly concurred with your explanation on the subject.

The Image of the Congolese as a savage without culture or history is a cruel libel upon Africans of ability and tradition. In the name of Christianity too many Europeans have committed untold and unbelievable crimes in the Congo. I read some of the cruelties mentioned in the article by you about five years ago which was published through a London source. The crimes committed by the Congolese today are indirect reprisals; but I hope peace may soon be re-established. Thanking you for the light shed on that subject. Our readers will be much better informed, while others will be reminded of who were the real perpetrators for several decades.

Christianity has been too long the scapegoat of many European's Exploiters.

Francisco Brewster
Brooklyn, New York

The Negro Digest Bookshop

Now, without leaving your home, you can purchase the book of your choice through NEGRO DIGEST'S convenient buy-by-mail order plan.

119.	The Negro in the American Revolution	by Benjamin Quarles	\$6.00
123.	Let My People Go	by Albert Luthuli	\$5.50
124.	Victory Over Myself	by Floyd Patterson	\$3.95
129.	Another Country	by James Baldwin	\$5.95
130.	A Different Drummer	by William Melvin Keiley	\$3.95
131.	Burn, Killer, Burn	by Paul Crump	\$4.95
133.	Before The Mayflower (1964 Edition)	by Lerone Bennett Jr.	\$6.95
136.	The EBONY Cookbook: A Date With A Dish	by Freda DeKnight	\$4.95
137.	The Fire Next Time	by James Baldwin	\$3.50
138.	Negro Firsts in Sports	by A. S. "Doc" Young	\$4.95
139.	Sonny Liston:		
	The Champ Nobody Wanted (cloth bound)	by A. S. "Doc" Young	\$3.95
139. (a)	Sonny Liston:		
	The Champ Nobody Wanted (paper bound)	by A. S. "Doc" Young	\$.95
140.	Her Name Was Sojourner	by Hertha Pauli	\$4.95
142.	When The Word Is Given	by Louis Lomax	\$3.95
143.	The Learning Tree	by Gordon Parks	\$4.95
144.	Christmas Gift		
	(anthology of Christmas literature)	by Charlemae Rollins	\$4.95
145.	The Day They Marched	by Doris E. Saunders, Ed.	\$1.00
146.	White On Black	by Thompson & Nipson, Ed.	\$3.95
147.	The Kennedy Years and The Negro		
	(cloth bound)	by Doris E. Saunders, Ed.	\$3.95
147. (a)	The Kennedy Years and The Negro		
	(paper bound)	by Doris E. Saunders, Ed.	\$2.00
148.	Amos Fortune's Choice	by Alexander Magoun	\$5.00
149.	Great Negroes, Past and Present	by Russell L. Adams	\$5.95
150.	Dancers on the Shore	by William Melvin Kelley	\$3.95
151.	Color Me Brown		
	(Story-Coloring Book for Children)	by L. H. Giles and L. F. Holmes	\$1.00
152.	Black Man's America	by Simeon Booker	\$4.95
153.	Soon, One Morning	by Herbert Hill	\$6.95
154.	Black Man in Red Russia	by Homer Smith	\$4.95
155.	John F. Kennedy and The Negro		
	(record-12" LP)		\$2.00
156.	Strength To Love	by Martin Luther King, Jr.	\$3.50
157.	Crisis in Black and White	by Charles E. Silberman	\$5.95
158.	Why We Can't Wait	by Martin Luther King Jr.	\$3.50
159.	With Grief Acquainted	by Stan Williamson	\$6.95
160.	The Negro Mood	by Lerone Bennett Jr.	\$3.95
161.	nigger	by Dick Gregory	\$4.95
162.	The Negro Politician	by Edward T. Clayton	\$4.95
163.	What Manner of Man		
	(biography of Martin Luther King, Jr.)	by Lerone Bennett Jr.	\$4.95
164.	They Showed The Way		
	(biographies of 40 Negro leaders)	by Charlemae Rollins	\$3.00
165.	Shadow and Act	by Ralph Ellison	\$5.95
166.	Martin Luther King, Jr.: The Peaceful Warrior		
	(children)	by Edward T. Clayton	\$3.25

NEGRO DIGEST Bookshop, 1820 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 16, Ill.

Please send me the following books whose numbers I have encircled:

☐ Payment Enclosed (check or money order)

119 123 124 129 130 131 133 136 137 138 139 139(a) 140
 142 143 144 145 146 147 147(a) 148 149 150 151 152 153
 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166

Name

Address

City Zone State

I've Done My Best, Lord . . .

And I'm Truly Proud This Day

It was indeed a great getting-up morning: the people came from everywhere—North, South, East and West, and even from the West Indies and Africa—and they were beautiful to behold. Proud black faces and friendly white faces, and all the many shades in-between. Oh, my, but what a joyous sight!

And, Lord, we marched that day . . . We marched down that lovely vista from the Washington Monument until there stood the Lincoln Memorial bold against the sky. And soon Roy Wilkins was speaking, and Whitney Young, and James Farmer, and little John Lewis, bless his sassy young heart . . . And then, finally, Martin Luther King Jr. telling about his dream . . . And Lord, my soul just overflowed.

And I thought about all the hard times, Lord, how I worked from sun-up to nightfall to get a little book learning and make a way for my own when it seemed there was no hope. And then I thought of my little grandbabies now growing up with a **real** chance in life at last, and I was happy. I felt my work had been done. And sudden-like, all the weight of my years came down on me, and I seemed to hear a far-off voice singing: "Sit down, servant, sit down." And I just sat down where I was. Lord knows I was tired.

**Knowledge is the Key To A
Better Tomorrow
Read
Negro Digest
On Sale at Your
Favorite Newsstand**

